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PRUSSIA.

THERE is no getting to the end of the King of PRUSSIA. We should not have thought he could issue a document that would surprise us. A blunt bearish incivility, the huffiness of an old officer, and the pique of an angry and frightened aristocrat, are what we should have looked for in his official declarations, but we should never have expected them to be amusing. His last address to his recalcitrant Chamber is, however, surprisingly comic. There is a theory about the Royal eye in it that is worthy of Lord DUNDREARY. The Chamber took on itself to give the KING some information about the state of the country, and, among other modes of enlightening him, forwarded him a report of a debate that had been recently held. It is a convenient constitutional fiction that a King cannot do wrong, but may be wrongly advised; and the deputies, with proper respect, veiled their reproaches under the affectation of supposing that if the KING had been better informed, all would have been well. If the KING could but see what his faithful Prussians wanted, he would be sure to give it them. This was not at all the KING's view of the Royal eye. His theory is that he does see everything. "The House," he says, "should know that the Kings of Prussia have a clear eye for the real wants of the country." It is not personal to him—it is inherent in his dynasty. Divine right is a queer enough claim in a monarch whose kingly title dates from the days of VOLTAIRE; but a divine, inherited, necessarily inherent power of seeing everything that happens in a country is something much more great and admirable. The KING, too, pushes his theory to its last extreme. He assures the Deputies that it is mere folly to send him reports of debates, for he always knows exactly what is said. Stenography, as he expressly states, is useless to a King. He is his own reporter, and all the utterings of every deputy are borne in upon him, as by a divine and invisible shorthand. Those who can believe must also pity. Of all lots on earth, the most wretched surely must be that of a man who is fated to have an unresting, unsleeping, *ex officio* vision of all that goes on in Prussia, and through whose mind are flashed all the speeches, and all the angry jocosity, and all the wandering, involved eloquence of three hundred German deputies. It is impossible not to think also of the poor CROWN PRINCE. At present he is tolerably happy. If he wants to know what is going on in Prussia, he must take the means open to ordinary men. He must not abide by the judgment of a narrow, silly clique; he must see a variety of places and persons; he must be courteous to those who can give information; he must seek for representatives of different classes. He will then, after much trouble, arrive at an opinion which, if he is a wise man, will be a hesitating and a cautious one. If he wants to know what is said by the representatives of his people, he must read carefully the accounts of professional reporters, and must be anxiously on his guard against the hurried unfair summaries given by political adversaries. This is what he must do now; but in a moment all may be changed. If death closes the clear eye of his father, then this clear eye and the divine faculty of feeling instinctively the speeches of German deputies will pass to him, and he will have the terrible gift of a kingly knowledge of good and evil.

Perhaps, however, this theory of the Royal vision is as unknown to the KING himself as it is to most men, and is only the last touch of Ministerial insolence. The Chamber says that the KING would do better if he were better informed; and so M. VON BISMARCK tells him to say that this is absurd, for he always knows everything. It shows what the Minister must think of his Sovereign if he ventures to suggest that this shall be what the KING is to say as his own. Perhaps a King who is suddenly told by a Minister that he sees and knows every-

thing, and adopts it willingly as a good idea, is even beyond a King in whom the theory was original. It also shows what an excess of stupid impertinence M. VON BISMARCK thinks may be safely used towards the Chamber and the people, for it is evident that he and his colleagues know perfectly well that the people are with the Chamber. Some few weeks ago, the talk of the Ministerial circle was that the existing Chamber was only an accidental gathering of ill-conditioned, factious, unpopular intriguers, whereas the true deep heart of Prussia beat responsive to her KING, and the people would show in a moment, whenever called on, that the KING might do as he liked, and that his loving subjects would love him all the better if he pleased himself without consulting them. We hear no more of this talk now. If the Chamber were dissolved, a new one would be elected even more hostile to the Court; and, what is the worst part of the business, the present House has behaved so quietly, sensibly, and decorously, that it has taught the nation a lesson of political wisdom, and there is no hope that, even in the agitation of the present crisis, a set of noisy, idle, and extreme men would be chosen, who would furnish a pretext for setting aside the Constitution. So M. VON BISMARCK is obliged to slide faster and faster down the hill along which he has begun rolling himself and his master. There will soon be nothing for the clear eye of the KING to see in Prussia but a sheer naked despotism, openly designed to keep up, at any cost, the pretensions and privileges of what, to the human vision and imperfect judgment of common men, seems a miserable, narrow, poor-spirited aristocracy. There is no stopping in this fatal course. A few months ago, M. VON BISMARCK had probably no notion that he would insult the Chambers, decline to attend the debates, make BOCKUM-DOLFF put on his sacred hat, and send away the Chamber amid the general indignation and outcry of the country. A few weeks ago, he had, perhaps, no clear perception that a Ministry like his cannot exist under the breath of free discussion, and that, if he did not wish to be criticised into ignominy, he must gag his critics. But he sees this clearly enough now, and, to do him justice, he is perfectly ready to act when action is necessary. He has lost no time, and within a week after ridding himself of a Parliament he has got rid also of a free press. He does not trouble himself about law, and scarcely affects, by a hasty reference to a clause in the Constitution which is palpably inapplicable, to hide that he is now independent of Constitutions, and laws, and arguments, and can get on without anything except bullets, and bayonets, and prison discipline.

The Prussians will be sure to take even this quietly. They may, perhaps, be right in appealing to the history of so parallel a story as the ordinances of 1830 and the downfall of CHARLES X. Then there was a revolution in defence of a free press, and it was a successful revolution; but one revolution is apt to lead to another, and the issue of the Revolution of July has been the Empire. Probably the Empire is better than what the rule of the elder BOURBONS would have been, with the priests rampant and triumphant, and the clique of Legitimist nobility hurrying a foolish King from one folly to another. But the Empire is a very disheartening end of a great movement for political liberty. Therefore, if the Prussians can rely on themselves, and can be sure that they will hang together, and will not suffer themselves to be bullied or cajoled by the Court, they may be wise to abide the opportunity of peaceful reform which they are sure time will bring them. But it must be remembered that the danger of constitutional liberty, and of a free spirit, and of a generous ambition dying wholly out of the country, is not the only danger they have to fear. Perils may easily come from without as well as from within. One of the most astonishing things that the clear eye of the KING has revealed to him is that Prussia is not isolated in any peculiar manner just now. The Deputies, and every one beyond the borders of

Prussia, think this isolation not only as patent as the sun at noonday, but a source of what may be very grave danger to Europe. If the fact of this isolation is to be a question of eyes, and the KING likes to assert that his eye sees that there is no isolation, there is no need to quarrel about terms. What is meant and what is incontestable is, that there are many causes, acquiring force every day, which may impel the Emperor of the FRENCH to seek a distraction for his people in war—that, if he goes to war, he may hope to find the easiest of victories in the antiquated unpractised army of Prussia, and that a war with Prussia would be as near, in the delight it would inspire in France, to a war with England, as the pleasure of beating the countrymen of BLUCHER would be to the pleasure of beating the countrymen of WELLINGTON. And, above all, there is a particular object to be gained by the war, which might be very easily got, and very easily retained. France would get the Rhine provinces as readily as a wolf gets the nearest lamb of a flock. Unless the other Powers interfere, France can take these provinces whenever she likes. And the King of PRUSSIA and his Ministers have so arranged matters that there would be scarcely a chance of any Power interfering. No other would act if England kept quiet; and England would scarcely quarrel with France in order to protect a Sovereign who has bound himself by treaty to crush Poland so far as he can, and who insults his Parliament and puts the press in fetters. After a term of humiliation and suffering, the people of Prussia might be roused by a war to take matters into their own hands. The national spirit might be awakened, and the end might be that a King with a humbler range of vision and a feebler intuition of political harangues might cordially unite with a free Parliament and a free press to carry on affairs upon a new footing. But this result, which is wholly problematical, could only be attained by a sacrifice that it is mournful to think of, and after a bitter experience of death, and impoverishment, and disaster. The isolation of Prussia is a reality, and a very sad and stern reality, to all Prussians capable of apprehending the position of their country.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French Government is perhaps, on the whole, well satisfied with the result of the elections. In the provincial towns and country districts, the mass of the population has once more illustrated the unfitness of a numerical majority for active political functions. The peasantry of France, as far as it is capable of a sentiment, retains that admiration for the dynasty of NAPOLEON which THIERS and BÉRANGER have substituted for all other national traditions. With the legendary faith in the first EMPEROR there is combined a well-founded belief that military despotism is distasteful to the upper classes, and that its uniform pressure best secures the permanence of equality. On the whole, the constituencies would probably prefer the official candidates, although they might not be disposed to make any strenuous exertion in their favour; and the Prefects and their subordinates take all the burden of the elections on themselves, justly relying on the habits of passive obedience in which ordinary Frenchmen are trained. The people, if they ever think on the subject, by no means desire that their representatives should take any conspicuous part in the administration of public affairs. A deputy is appointed and paid, not to control the Executive Government, but to assist at the ceremony of legislation, as Ministers and officers of State are summoned to be present in the ante-Chamber when a Royal or Imperial birth is expected. To foreigners who are accustomed to superintend the transaction of their own public business, the working of the French Constitution scarcely presents an edifying spectacle; but a certain admiration or surprise is suggested by the successful ingenuity of a paradoxical contrivance. When the present EMPEROR, before assuming his title, invented the machinery by which he still governs, it seemed difficult to believe that a regular elective system could be permanently reconciled with absolute government. Experience has shown that it was safe to rely on the harmlessness of a promiscuous constituency, provided sufficient vigilance was exercised by the Imperial functionaries; and there are great advantages in the forms of representative government, when they have been effectually reduced to the condition of fictions. As an ostrich retains the character of a bird, though its wings are not available for flight, the French Empire claims the immunities and the credit which are associated with elective institutions. Perhaps the peasants of the departments may be flattered by the belief that once in five years they participate in the establishment or renewal of the EMPEROR'S unlimited power. Inasmuch as they supersede or swamp the

natural depositaries of the political franchise, they undoubtedly guarantee the existing autocracy.

Doubts sometimes arise whether universal suffrage itself affords perfect security to despotism. M. THIERS has defeated the official candidate in one of the electoral districts of Paris, under circumstances which must render his success peculiarly annoying to the Government. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR had thought proper to convert a single metropolitan election into a test of the popularity of the Empire. The electors were officially informed that the choice of an ex-Minister implied a condemnation of the prevailing system, and of the reigning dynasty; and M. THIERS was represented as the type and monument of that Parliamentary government which universal suffrage had condemned and effectually repressed. The result alone could show whether M. DE PERSIGNY was in the right. If he could have commanded a majority, his questionable logic would have been practically exempt from criticism; but as he has been defeated, it is evident that he has made a mistake in backing the losing candidate at extravagant odds. It was quite unnecessary to deprecate the election of M. THIERS as a heavy blow to the Imperial supremacy. The Prefect of Police and the mayor of the arrondissement might have been privately instructed to support the official candidate, and it was highly imprudent to irritate Parisian voters by open dictation. The middle class of Frenchmen in towns is distinguished by a genuine admiration for intellectual ability. M. THIERS, with all his faults, is the most popular writer of the day; nor is it forgotten that he was one of the most effective speakers in the Chamber of Deputies, and in the Constituent Assembly. His opponent was a tobaccoist, remarkable only for the devotion which was rewarded by Imperial patronage. The electors, perhaps, wished to give the Government a warning, and they undoubtedly resented the coarse dictation of the Minister. They may congratulate themselves on having endeavoured to administer the first effectual check to the absolute power of the Second Empire. As a speaker, representing the cause of Constitutional Monarchy, M. THIERS is more formidable than a wilderness of Republicans. Although he has systematically betrayed the cause of freedom in his writings, his renown as an orator and politician renders him the natural enemy of a Government which is founded on the repression or negation of personal eminence. Unfortunately, he will find himself with few supporters in the Legislative Body, and DEMOSTHENES himself would have been powerless in an assembly consisting entirely of the nominees of PHILIP.

The most insolently servile of Parisian journals sums up the result of the contest in a paragraph which is remarkable for its unconscious irony:—"MM. DUFAURE, MONTALEMBERT, BARROT, PASSY, MÉRODE, DUPONT DE L'EUROPE, L'HERBETTE, GLAIS-BIZOUIN, KIRDEEL, JOUVENEL, RENNEVILLE, FRESLON, CHARAMONDE, FLAVIGNY, ST. MARC GIRARDIN, DE CIVRAC, JULES LASTEYRIE, MORTEMART, PREVOST PARADOL, VICTOR LEFRANC, BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE, DE MORNAY, the DUKE DECAZES, and GUSTAVE BEAUMONT, have failed to be elected." The list, although it includes some unknown names, might have been supposed to be a catalogue of the leading politicians in a genuine French Parliament. Perhaps, if universal suffrage were established in England, some demagogue or sycophant might be able similarly to boast that Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. WALPOLE, Mr. HENLEY, Lord STANLEY, and Mr. CORBEN, had been excluded from the House of Commons to make room for as many vestrymen or staff officers. It is impossible to carry the comparison further, by supposing that England could be reconciled to a general ostracism on the ground that every considerable statesman in the country was guilty of insufficient subservience to the person of the reigning Sovereign. Nor would it be safe for a triumphant Minister to accuse his opponents, with M. DE PERSIGNY, of undue attention to national economy and finance. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR answers the criticisms of M. CASIMIR PERIER and M. LAVERGNE on the increase of the Budget and the national debt, by the argument that a glorious policy is unavoidably expensive. Perhaps it was rash to presume so far even on the large credulity of universal suffrage, which objects to taxes and public burdens, although it tolerates all other results of misgovernment. M. DE PERSIGNY was on safer ground in assailing the Parliamentary system, which never took root in the affections of the French lower classes. It is not, indeed, true that under the Constitutional Monarchy public order was habitually endangered, or that the only security for regular administration is to be found in military despotism. It might also be objected that there is an

apparent inconsistency in denouncing representative institutions at the moment when the nation is invited to choose its representatives; but M. DE PERSIGNY is substantially consistent in relying on universal suffrage for the annihilation of personal and political independence.

The success of the Opposition candidates in Paris may annoy the Government, but no serious embarrassment will result from the presence of M. OLLIVIER or M. PICARD in the Legislative Body. M. HAVIN, though his pretensions were discountenanced by the Minister, is a prominent supporter of the Imperial policy, and his Republican colleagues will serve the purpose of bugbears to frighten timid citizens into acquiescence. It was from MONTALEMBERT, from DUBAURE, and from REMUSAT, that serious opposition was to be feared, and not from the eloquent representatives of Republican artisans. If the workmen of Paris are for the moment discontented with the Empire, they are more deeply and inveterately opposed to the legitimate domination of the responsible and educated classes. There is nothing to fear from the occasional caprices of universal suffrage, but the Imperial system would be doomed if the minority were strong enough to resume the guardianship of freedom. The only beneficial result of the recent election is to be found in the manly and statesmanlike addresses issued by the leaders of the Constitutional or Parliamentary party. M. DE MONTALEMBERT was, perhaps, the boldest and the most eloquent of the candidates, but all the addresses were distinguished by a serious and practical character, which contrasts strangely with the histrionic fustian of the official proclamations. It might seem as impossible that two such modes of thought should exist side by side, as that THUCYDIDES or PLATO could have written under the Byzantine Empire; but in France, as in all parts of modern Europe, there are two separate communities which are almost unknown to one another. M. DE PERSIGNY and his Prefects write for little freeholders, for retired conscripts, and for village mayors, while the statesmen and writers of France cherish the traditions of dignity and freedom which are exclusively preserved among the class to which they belong. Gentlemen, patriots, and politicians, who understand public business, cannot be expected to use idle flourishes about glory and Saviours of Society. At the same time, they must expect to be misunderstood or neglected by the ignorant multitude. As M. DE PERSIGNY truly says, their candidature is a protest against universal suffrage.

FREEDOM UNDER THE ABOLITIONISTS.

A PART from its horrible incidents, which, in kind if not in degree, are common to all civil war, the great interest of the fearful struggle in America, to European eyes, is the ordeal by which it is searching out and exposing the real strength and weaknesses of the American character. They are the first community of Teutonic race that has grown up under the novel conditions of combining the vast natural resources of national infancy with the culture and scientific development of a mature civilization. There are many others, in other parts of the world, to follow, but their time is not yet come. America is the first that has ripened to the age when nations pass through the trials to which they are subjected by internal dissension, by national ambition, and by the political sloth which follows upon commercial greatness. She is now being tested by these for the first time. It is curious to watch her people in the crucible, and to see the qualities that are developed, one by one, under the increasing fury of the furnace. It is the more curious because the results appear to be precisely what the world did not expect. The idea that was formerly entertained of the American people was that, though unscrupulous, they were sagacious and long-headed, much too far in the van of civilization to be deluded by martial passions or dreams of empire, and much too sordid to persist in any popular caprice when its commercial unsoundness had once been demonstrated by experience. This view of their character, both upon its lighter and darker side, has turned out to be utterly untrue. They have yielded to the whispers of national vanity with more facility than the Grand Monarque himself; and they are prosecuting a hopeless enterprise at fabulous cost, with a combination of earnestness in the method, and levity in the motive, of which the world has never seen a specimen before. The two opposite extremes of character which distinguish the inhabitants of England's two sister-kingdoms appear in America to have been welded into one. They are staking life and fortune for a dream of national aggrandizement, with a reckless indifference as to the possibility of attaining it which only an Irishman could

emulate; and yet there is a very Scotch tenacity in the resolution with which they submit to accumulating sacrifices, and bear up against continuous disaster.

The arrest of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and the other acts of violence with which it has been accompanied, have revealed the existence of another and still more surprising ingredient in this strangely compounded character. To the recklessness of Irishmen and the doggedness of purpose peculiar to Scotchmen, it now seems that they add the servility of Russians. Perhaps it is doing injustice to Russians to name them as examples of the intense disregard and contempt for liberty which is now prevalent in the North-Western States. The condition of mind which acquiesces in a despotism that has existed for centuries is a far milder form of servility than that which contentedly stretches out its neck to receive a yoke new and unheard of before. The most daring patriot may shrink from overthrowing an ancient form of government unless he sees some security for the character of the new institutions that are to fill the void. But a community that submits, without striking a blow, to see the most essential liberties which it had long enjoyed wrenched from it by a military officer, can have very little love of liberty left. The acts of General BURNSIDE and his subordinates have been as despotic as acts could possibly be. They have wanted no single circumstance of aggravation. Districts that are in a state of actual or threatened insurrection have often been placed under martial law. But this is not asserted of the States of Indiana and Ohio. If it could be, the cause of the Federal Government would be lost indeed. In any case, it has been usual to confine the operation of martial law, at least in all the freer countries of the world, to acts of distinct rebellion. It has never before been heard of, in any country professing to be free, that a representative of the people was liable to punishment at the hands of a court-martial, for making a speech to his constituents hostile to the party Government of the day. An additional shade of culpability is cast over the transaction by the utter lawlessness of those who are charged with the administration of the law. The declaration of martial law, except in places in which a hostile force is actually operating, is forbidden by the Constitution. It was in utter defiance of their oaths that the power to proclaim it was invested by Congress in the PRESIDENT, that it was proclaimed by the PRESIDENT, or acted on by General BURNSIDE. But all their misdeeds are insignificant by the side of the base servility of the Judge. The Judges who condemned HAMPDEN had at least the letter of the law upon their sides. The Judge who consigned Mr. VALLANDIGHAM to the tender mercies of a military tribunal, in order that he might secure some of the good things which the LINCOLN Administration have to dispense, sinned against the plain and unmistakable provisions of the law. Perhaps the only point in which the old predictions concerning the operation of American institutions in times of trial have received a complete fulfilment is the worthlessness and the abject meanness of the Judges who owe their office to popular election.

It is difficult to find any explanation for the marvellous acquiescence of the Americans, who were reputed to be a freedom-loving people, in a tyranny such as this. The Marquis WIELOPOLSKI and M. DE PERSIGNY have done nothing more at variance with the first principles of personal liberty. Yet even crushed Warsaw and much-enduring Paris have been able to summon up a spirit of independence which is wanting to the rough citizens of Indiana and Ohio. The measure is one that strikes at personal liberty and at political liberty with the same blow. To prevent a representative from giving an account of the views he has maintained to those who selected him for the purpose of giving effect to their political opinions, is to cut off the channels through which the wishes of a people are brought to bear upon the machine of government. To imprison a man for condemning the measures of an Administration is to destroy the one crucial distinction that marks the difference between a despotic State and a free State. And to do all this in the face of a written Constitution, by the authority of a military officer in a State that was loyal and at peace, and to do it through the agency of soldiers acting partly as policemen and partly as spies, is an aggravation of the offence which even the despotic Sovereigns of the European Continent generally contrive to avoid. The suppression of the newspapers without even the ceremony of an *avertissement*, and the disarming of the people, executed in plain defiance of the Constitution, are only less heinous instances of the same tyranny. The calm submission of the Americans in the States which are assailed is an instructive lesson. In New York and New Jersey protests are loud enough, for the protesters are safe under the protection of the authorities. When they can serve a party purpose,

and are dictated by the wire-pullers, we hear again something of an American citizen's claims to free writing and free speech. But the great Western States in which the grievance has arisen scarcely appear to be conscious of anything wrong. The enormous extension of the suffrage does not seem to have made the American peasantry more sensitive about their political and personal rights than the peasantry of less advanced portions of the world. It would seem as though it were only at rare and exceptional epochs in the world's history, and under the pressure of great physical misery, that the masses will show any spontaneous jealousy for their freedom. The more educated middle and upper classes are the only guardians whose vigilance can be relied on. Their influence with their neighbours, in countries where wealth carries its due political weight, furnishes a ready-made organization; and it is only by such an organization, which can be called into play at a few days' notice, that the sudden onset of an armed usurper can be repelled. Even in America, however, it can scarcely be conceived that the present strange patience can be permanent. The mass of people have been too long taught to believe that liberty consists in an abject submission to the will of the majority to have much sympathy left for freedom in its true sense. But it is likely enough that the personal violence of the unruly soldiery, who have become their masters, will destroy the apathy with which they are contemplating the suppression of newspapers and the arrest of statesmen. Events may, of course, take the other turn. The inhabitants of Indiana and Ohio may suffer BURNSIDE and his troops to maintain "order," as it is maintained in Venetia, and was maintained in Poland. But it is barely conceivable that even eighty years of unbridled democracy can have so rooted out the last instincts of freedom from the breasts of men of Anglo-Saxon race.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

IT is not a matter of much surprise that the vote which is to be taken for the purchase of the Exhibition Buildings has been postponed as long as possible. It was expected that, after the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had laid the estimate on the table on Monday last, he would undertake the awkward duty of proposing the vote and making a statement either immediately or on the very first supply night. But it seems that the PREMIER himself is going to handle the exceedingly hot chestnut which Mr. GLADSTONE is, perhaps prudently, indisposed to pick up; for, after fixing next Monday for bringing forward the vote, "Lord PALMERSTON postponed the motion of which he had given notice, with reference to the "Exhibition Buildings, till the 11th of June." The postponement from Monday to Thursday has since been further extended; and it is now announced that the statement will not be made till next Monday week. The reason for the first change of day is obvious. On Wednesday, the 10th of June, the Memorial of the 1851 Exhibition is to be uncovered, and the public is to be admitted to the 1862 Buildings again, which we dare say will be polished up and smartened for the occasion. Under the influence of the *clat* of this proceeding, and the visit of the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, a grand flourish of trumpets is to be executed; and, in the excitement of the moment, the House of Commons is to be asked to commit itself to the vote. Royalty is to be exhibited at Brompton for the express purpose of influencing the division. The further postponement seems to look as if Lord PALMERSTON were alarmed—as he must be disgusted—at the odious task thrust upon him. However, the House and the country will, fortunately, have had some time for deciding on the necessity of purchasing what Mr. GREGORY, much to Mr. GLADSTONE's disgust, calls "this embellishment of London and its vicinity." At present, we only know what the immediate demand on the public purse will be. As we have already intimated, the beautiful structure will be offered a decided bargain. The site is to be acquired for 120,000*l.*, and the building for 80,000*l.* But then the estimate "for repairing, altering, and eventually completing the "building" goes even beyond our modest calculation. It is set down at 284,000*l.*, making, in the whole, 484,000*l.*, of which—just to make things a little pleasant at first—it is only intended to ask for 172,000*l.* for the present year. The remaining 312,000*l.* is to be spread over that coming time when, perhaps, we shall have one or two wars on our hands and another 16*d.* Income-tax. Already Mr. GLADSTONE has, in the language of a Cheap John, or the gentlemen who were connected with what used to be called Touzery Gangs, told us of the alarming sacrifice which the proprietors are submitting

to. His reply on Tuesday night to Mr. GREGORY loses something from not being printed in the hysterical typography familiar to the Drapers' Selling-off Advertisements. "IN BANKRUPTCY," "IMMENSE SALE," "TREMENDOUS DISCOUNT "FOR READY MONEY," "AT LESS THAN HALF THE MANUFACTURER'S "INVOICE," ought to be the terms in which the PREMIER is to propose his vote. Certainly the sacrifice is most alarming. The Buildings alone, Mr. GLADSTONE assures us, are worth, according to the agreement made between the Commissioners and contractors, 430,000*l.* The astonishingly low figure at which they are offered to the nation is only 80,000*l.* The site, which is really worth 280,000*l.*, the Commissioners submit to sell for 120,000*l.* The result is that for 200,000*l.*—and "this "offer will not be repeated"—the country will get a property which is worth 710,000*l.* "Through a conjuncture of circumstances," this is the decided bargain.

A very decided bargain, certainly. That it is too decided a bargain is its only fault. The sacrifice is, in another sense, alarming. It sets us to think. In the case of a shawl offered at very little more than one-fourth of its real value, a sensible purchaser will suspect cotton instead of silk. A gold chain, worth more than 7*l.*, advertised at 2*l.*, will certainly suggest electrotype and washing. If, therefore, the Contractors actually offer a property of the value of 430,000*l.* at the wonderfully reduced figure of 80,000*l.*—a discount of only a little more than 80 per cent.—we at once pronounce the commodity to be worth nothing. The immense reduction paraded by Mr. GLADSTONE proves that the concern is absolutely unsaleable and perfectly worthless. Messrs. KELK and LUCAS must be patriots of the rarest excellence to submit to this forced sale, if they could find any other market for their wares. And as to the Commissioners of 1851, who are going to sell an estate worth 280,000*l.* for 120,000*l.*, they are, as trustees, guilty of a gross breach of trust, or else the value set upon their property is entirely fictitious. But in neither case is there any sacrifice on the part of the vendors. The Contractors are not so patriotic, and the Commissioners are not so unfaithful to their trust. As for the buildings, they are worth nothing. A railway company would not give eighty thousand shillings for the sheds. A company of acrobats would not give eighty thousand pence for them. The sole value of the buildings is what they would fetch for rusty iron and second-hand glass, and this the Contractors know very well. The alternative, to Messrs. KELK and LUCAS, is either the old milch cow of the tax-payer at 80,000*l.*, or the marine store-dealer's shop. The value of the estate might possibly be 280,000*l.* if it were let upon building leases; but the Commissioners of 1851 were not incorporated as speculators in land, though this is the sole function to which they have devoted themselves for the last ten years. The fact is, that the country has already bought and paid for this estate, and now the tax-payer is to be asked to buy it again. We are to pay for it twice over; and when the Commissioners of 1851 have received the 120,000*l.* which Lord PALMERSTON is going to ask for, they may once more invest it in land, which, after lying fallow for five or ten years, a future Government will again ask the nation to repurchase, and so on *ad infinitum*.

But it is not true that the present Exhibition Buildings can be acquired for 80,000*l.* The real price, even according to the Government estimate, is 364,000*l.* The account stands thus:—

For the purchase of existing buildings from the contractors -	£ 80,000
For repairing, altering, and eventually completing the building -	284,000
	364,000

The expenditure of 80,000*l.* is a delusion, a mockery, and a snare without the 284,000*l.* It is admitted, on the face of the estimate, that, for any conceivable purpose, the present structure is absolutely and totally useless, unless 284,000*l.* are at once laid out upon it. We are to pay 80,000*l.* for the privilege of pulling it down. Without the 284,000*l.* the building is not weather-tight nor water-tight. What we are asked to do is, to buy a house at 800*l.* which will cost 2,840*l.* to make it tenable and habitable. It comes to this—that, were Messrs. KELK and LUCAS to offer us 80,000*l.* to take their unsaleable tumble-down sheds off their hands, it would be a bad bargain for the country. Who in his senses would accept, even as a free gift, a property which actually requires three and a half times its estimated value to be laid out upon it before it can be applied to any purpose whatever? Even this is not all. When we have got our white elephant, we must find him in provender. We should like to know the estimate of what the building—if acquired, if repaired, if altered, if completed—would cost in the shape of annual repairs? The question has been put to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who of course

fences with it. His reply is significant:—"The cost of the annual repairs of such a building must be estimated with reference to its magnitude and character." We take these data. As to its magnitude, we are quite satisfied. It consists of sixteen acres of glass and iron, and in its present simplicity it wants 284,000*l.* to be laid out upon it after one year's wear and tear and waste. What will be its character after the repairs, alterations, and completion, conjecture and Captain FOWKE can alone tell us. But from the known we argue to the unknown. We should say that 50,000*l.* a-year would be a very low estimate for the annual cost of keeping up the building alone. We mean the mere repairs of the structure. The *domus* fund alone ought to be laid at this figure at least. What the annual cost of all the numerous galleries, institutions, specimens, pictures and statues, works of art, industry, and science, curators, superintendents, councils, seals and whales and all creeping things, beasts and all cattle, worms and feathered fowl, megatheria, pots, pans, shelves, glass-cases, book-cases, industrious fleas and industrious lecturers, self-denying secretaries and patriotic commissioners, baronets and knights, which must be provided and salaried, unless we intend those sumptuous halls to remain an empty void, imagination trembles to guess; but perhaps Lord PALMERSTON will inform us. His promised task is to "state fully the object of the Government in proposing the acquisition of the Building, the immediate purposes to which it would be applied, and"—which is quite superfluous, as those objects, whatever they are, are not wanted very particularly—"the sums of money which it would cost the country to satisfy those purposes in any other way." As the thing stands at present, Lord PALMERSTON will demand a vote of close upon half a million, to launch certain unknown institutions which, in the shape of buildings, staff, and regular outlay, cannot cost the country less than some 200,000*l.* a-year for ever in keeping up—reckoning, that is, the repairs at 50,000*l.* and the maintenance at 150,000*l.* per annum. When we say that it is rumoured that part of the Government scheme is that the Royal Academy and its Exhibition should be banished to Brompton, we can only say that the impudence of the plan nearly equals its extravagance.

This is all. A mere trifle—one of those flea-bites which Chancellors of the Exchequer prattle about. The vote to be taken on Monday week, however, will have one value. It will serve to the country as a test of the honesty of some of its economical representatives, and it will give the real and consistent reformers an opportunity of acquiring a hold on public confidence such as seldom presents itself. On Monday last and on Thursday, in Committee of Supply upon the Estimates, was enacted that annual farce in which the House plays at Puss in the Corner once a year. The game is this. An independent supporter of Government takes his turn at objecting to some vote, on the understanding that he is, on this particular vote, to be in a safe minority. As soon as he has done his little economical protest, he goes over to the Treasury-led majority, and with a clear conscience votes for every other job in succession. Thus, one gentleman objects to the vote for "furniture of public offices," and, with the spirit of ARISTIDES, moves the reduction of the vote. Of course he is in a contemptible minority; but his hypocritical duty is done, and on the next vote, for dusters and scrubbing-brushes, he divides against another honourable member whose indignation has been fired at the scandalous outlay on slop-pails and housemaids. This is the usual course for the economist whose economy is exhausted at a single spasm. He makes his solitary protest, and has done his duty. And so the game goes on. If, on a single occasion, the jobbers are left in a minority, it is by a lucky accident. The whole thing is too often, and in too many cases, a system of pretence and collusion. Just to keep up appearances, somebody must be got to grumble mildly at every item; but the Minister in charge being up to the joke, contrives to have a good working majority upon every vote in succession. Now this vote for the Exhibition Buildings may test the patriots who air themselves once a year on the Civil and Miscellaneous Estimates. Here is an opportunity for that large party who are clamouring for economy. Mr. DISRAELI's followers have paraded Economy on their banners. The Manchester party are, by the very terms of their existence, pledged against Government jobs. Mr. GLADSTONE is the great preacher of retrenchment. And, surely, every one of those gentlemen who, no longer ago than Monday last, strained out the gnats of the flower-beds in Hyde Park, the iron gates at Hampton Court, and the liveries of the Park-keepers, will hardly swallow the camel, in the shape of that tremendous vote of half a million which they will be asked for

on Monday week. If the Government "is not prepared, under present circumstances, to ask for 14,000*l.*" to complete the plant-house at Kew—a completion which good taste, science, and the universal popularity and usefulness and entire success of that institution imperatively demand—if, as a nation, we are too poor to do this, then to ask for half a million for purchasing the vilest building in Europe, together with the prospective outlay of millions for purposes in which nobody feels the slightest interest, is a proposition which will perhaps be too much for even Lord PALMERSTON's powers of making things pleasant, and which is so monstrous that it will, we trust, rouse the indignation of the whole country.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

THE House of Commons seemed disposed, in the debate originated a week ago by Mr. GREGORY, to hesitate in the further prosecution of the policy which has been pursued for thirty years by every English Government. The Turks are at present not popular in England, nor is it difficult to account for a change of feeling which naturally proceeds from the entire success of the Crimean war. As long as Russia threatened Europe on one side, and India on the other, it was impossible to withhold a certain amount of sympathy from her ancient and indomitable enemies. While the statesmen of the West were negotiating and protesting, the Turks more than once proved that they were able to hold their own against their domineering invaders. In 1827, they taught NICHOLAS that Nature, which had made him the first of drill-sergeants, had obstinately denied him the accomplishments of a general. In 1853, OMAR PASHA held the Danube triumphantly against the Russian armies; and in 1854, while the allies were cautiously preparing to defend Constantinople, Prince PASKIEWITCH was compelled to turn in disappointment from the walls of Silistria. It was not inconvenient that the Russian frontier should be watched by a pugnacious race which had not learned the secret of its own decay; and accordingly, the successes of the Turks were unanimously applauded by England, while Lord SHAFTESBURY, duly representing popular feeling, gravely informed the House of Lords that among all living sovereigns the SULTAN was the truest friend of Christianity. Some at least of the Christian subject populations were, to a certain extent, of the same opinion. The Wallachians and Moldavians greatly preferred the tolerant indifference of the Porte to the intrigues and encroachments of Russian functionaries; and the Servians themselves had not long before effected a popular revolution, with the sanction of the SULTAN, in defiance of Russian demands and menaces. In the provinces which were directly governed by Constantinople, disaffection might prevail, but the outlying territories, only acknowledging the nominal supremacy of the Porte, instinctively valued the careless policy of their unambitious Sovereign. English travellers and residents in the East almost uniformly supported the Ottoman system, either from jealousy of Russia, or because they liked the Turk better than his subtler rivals.

The unexpected prostration of the Russian power after the siege of Sebastopol suspended the alarms by which the Turks had often profited. France, which had for some time supported the established policy of England, began, as soon as the Peace of Paris was concluded, to intrigue once more with Russia against Turkey. In direct opposition to the stipulations of the recent treaty, the Danubian Principalities were urged to agitate for union; and the English Government, assailed by Mr. GLADSTONE at home, and opposed by nearly all the European Powers, was compelled to acquiesce in a measure which was understood to be eagerly desired by Russia. Nevertheless, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL have steadily persevered in the system of supporting Turkey against all aggressors. In 1861, the French army was, to its own great disappointment, withdrawn from Syria, although Mr. CORDEN is still unable to imagine any questionable motive by which France could be actuated in the Levant. More recently, France and Russia have been restrained by the pressure of England from offering assistance to the freebooters of Montenegro; and when the Prince of SERBIA precipitated a collision with the Turkish forces at Belgrade, he was sternly rebuked by Lord RUSSELL. It cannot be denied by the bitterest enemies of Ottoman rule that the English Government has been unfailingly consistent in the discouragement which it has offered to all projects for the dismemberment of the Empire. It is only surprising that the Christian races of the East should seem not altogether to participate in the preference of their foreign partisans for the championship of France or Russia. After the dismissal of

Orno, the Greeks unanimously invited the assistance of the only Power which had uniformly censured and discouraged their premature efforts at aggrandizement. The Servians themselves fully understand that, even if they have little to hope from the friendship of England, they have nothing to fear from her ambition.

Mr. GREGORY and his numerous allies complain that the Christian subjects of Turkey are prevented by English interference from achieving their independence. They scarcely venture to recommend either a French or a Russian crusade for the expulsion of the Crescent from Europe. It may be admitted that it is not the business of England to keep Bosnia or Albania in subjection, and it may be plausibly argued that the treaty which allows the presence of a Turkish garrison in Belgrade is inexpedient or mischievous. It is, however, utterly useless to discuss the chances of a civil war in Turkey without recognising the inevitable participation of foreign Powers in the struggle. The Servians, who are now appealing in numerous pamphlets to the sympathies of Englishmen, are by no means a nation of patriots spontaneously rising against an alien and intolerable yoke. Out of the range of the guns in two or three fortresses, Serbia is almost as free as Yorkshire, nor is a Turkish policeman or tax-collector to be found in any village in the country. The arms which the PRINCE lately imported in violation of his legal duty were directly supplied, without payment, from the nearest Russian arsenal. It is certain that the movement was organized by the same Power which provided the means of effecting it, and the simultaneous insurrection in Montenegro was a part of the general project. It appears that Lord RUSSELL warned Prince GORTSCHAKOFF that the great Panslavonian movement might find a centre at Warsaw rather than at Belgrade. As long as the Poles succeed in maintaining their heroic resistance, their ancient friends at Constantinople will perhaps be allowed an interval of comparative repose. The Russian Government will have enough to do without sending money and arms to Serbia or to Bosnia.

If the Greek and Slavonic Christians seriously attempted to achieve their own independence, no English statesman would think of interfering for the protection of the established Government. The struggle may probably commence at some future time, but, for the present, the Porte appears fully able to repress domestic disaffection. OMAR PASHA has subdued the Montenegrins without foreign assistance, and the Turks are more than a match for all the forces which Prince MICHAEL could summon into the field. The SULTAN has lately determined to restore the efficiency of his army, and, if he can find officers, he has at his disposal some of the best troops in the world. The Christians may be more numerous, but they are far less warlike, and it may be doubted whether they suffer such a degree of oppression as to be disposed to rise against the existing Government. England may fairly and beneficently recommend the Rayahs to calculate the chances of the contest before they engage in an unnecessary civil war. The Ottoman army and navy would, in case of need, be reinforced by the whole power of Egypt; and though the Mahometan population may be thin in Europe, the SULTAN could levy armies over the whole extent of Asia Minor and Syria. The distant patrons of the imaginary revolt have neither calculated the respective forces nor have they framed to themselves a definite object. The Prince of SERBIA has no title to Constantinople which might not be more plausibly claimed by the young Prince who has accepted the throne of Greece. On the whole, the policy of the English Government appears reasonable and intelligible when it is not misrepresented or exaggerated. It is unnecessary to cherish a romantic sympathy for the Turks, and those who value their Oriental dignity and bravery must submit if any rival race can prove itself better qualified for empire. It is only to resist the partition of Turkey by ambitious European Powers that the English nation is irrevocably pledged. The Turks would not be deliberately invented if they were not already in existence; and it is certainly unlucky that a semi-barbarous race, professing an unpopular religion, should furnish excuses to the cupidity of more formidable rivals. The Greeks and the Servians have a great advantage in their possession of a kind of Christianity; and they are probably more capable than the Turks of the social and moral improvement which they equally require. At present, civil war would not be conducive to their interests, and foreign invasion would disturb the peace and security of Europe. If Mr. GREGORY desires neither solution, the purpose of his motion is difficult to understand.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN'S statement, though it may disappoint the extravagant expectations which had been encouraged by previous telegrams, fully confirms the evidence afforded by the experience of the previous year, that India has fairly entered on a term of prosperity which nothing but war or some unforeseen calamity is likely to disturb. Only let peace be assured—and at present there is not a cloud to threaten any future tempest—and the financial administration of India, the forlorn hope of a few years back, may be looked upon as one of the pleasantest tasks that ever fell to the lot of a hopeful statesman. It is true that the estimated surplus for 1863-4, before any reduction of taxation is made, is little more than 800,000*l.*, and that the revenue side of the account shows a slight falling off from the ascertained income of the previous year. To a certain extent this is explained by relaxations in the collection of the taxes, which, though they do not take the form of remissions, are as much so in effect as the actual reduction of the percentage of an impost. The excise, the customs, and the stamp duties are expected to suffer from this and analogous causes; and, perhaps, the only item the reduction in which need cause any surprise is the land-tax, which has hitherto shown so remarkable a tendency to increase. Of late years, the results have invariably surpassed the expectations held out in financial statements; and it is not unlikely that the apparent check in the progress of the Indian revenue may be mainly due to the extreme caution of Sir C. TREVELYAN'S estimates. As the surplus shown is quite enough to enable the Government to prosecute with the utmost vigour every essential work of improvement, and at the same time to remit the most objectionable of the customs duties, it is not to be regretted that a possible margin should be left for an excess of actual revenue over estimated receipts. The figures presented tell plainly enough the tale of the revival of India. In round numbers, the progress made in the last five years may be summed up by saying that there has been an average annual improvement—more than half of which is independent of new taxes—of nearly 2,000,000*l.* The growth of the revenue has, moreover, been steady and continuous. In 1858-9 it was 36,000,000*l.*, and in the four following years it stood respectively at about 40,000,000*l.*, 43,000,000*l.*, 44,000,000*l.*, and 45,000,000*l.* For the present year the estimate is not more than 45,000,000*l.*, but it is not unlikely that the normal rate of improvement may still be retained.

The ultimate results of the last year have closed the controversy which raged upon the Estimates. After allowing all the deductions by which Sir C. WOOD brought down Mr. LAING'S surplus to an apparent deficit, the elasticity of Indian prosperity has produced an actual surplus of very nearly a million. It would almost seem as if no financier could adequately estimate the vigour which India is now developing, and it is not difficult to point to the main cause of this satisfactory state of affairs. In railways and public works, the Government of India is annually investing a sum of nine or ten millions, and in no country in the world could such an expenditure produce results so large as in one which has been so long neglected as our Indian Empire. There is room even now for an almost unlimited expenditure, with the certainty of corresponding profits, and Sir C. TREVELYAN is known to be as fully alive to the value of such investments as Lord CANNING and Mr. LAING showed themselves to be. In fact, the accepted maxim for the regulation of public outlay on reproductive works is, that the power to supply efficient supervision is the only sound limit to be regarded. The amount appropriated last year to such services was calculated to absorb all the available staff to be found for the purpose, and the increase of about half a million in the present estimates for public works, exclusive of railways, may be taken as the measure of the increased strength of the engineering departments. In the analogous task of fostering education, side by side with material development, a precisely similar limitation is met with. A small reduction is proposed, not because the Government cannot afford to give more, but for want of means for applying effectively any larger grant. In effect, both in reproductive works and in the means for raising the native civilization, the policy of the Government now is to spend—or, it would be more correct to say, to invest—as much as can be absorbed without the waste which would flow from overtasking the machinery of supervision. This has always been the policy advocated by the wisest friends of India, and we have nothing but congratulations to offer to Sir C. TREVELYAN for the heartiness with which he seems to have

followed out the leading principles which the prosperity of last year established for the financial Government of India.

A new era, in fact, commenced with the revival which followed the suppression of the mutiny, and the economy which it became practicable to introduce into the military administration. It is not likely that any very considerable saving can be effected under this head in future years. The cost of holding the country has probably been brought down nearly to the minimum which is consistent with safety. But there is still, perhaps, room for some not insignificant economy in the minor details, both of the civil and military departments; and even without this, the growth of a revenue which is so copiously fed by remunerative investments may be trusted—so far as is possible to guess the future—to keep the Government supplied with ample resources for all the demands of a time of peace. In reality, there is nothing new in the present aspect of India, though the favourable symptoms have become more decided with the progress of the country. Nothing but successive wars and disturbances could have checked the natural advance of a country possessed of so many undeveloped elements of wealth, and every brief period of tranquillity has produced the same encouraging indications which are now so agreeably manifest. The last blow—the mutiny of the native army—was, beyond all comparison, heavier than the most serious of our earlier wars, but it is equally true that the subsequent rebound has been more vigorous than any which occurred in former intervals of repose.

To gather in an abundant revenue, to improve the face of the country, and to raise the character of the people by an outlet which there is no necessity to stint, and still to find ample means for reducing the amount of debt, is the pleasant task which seems to await an Indian CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. But there is one absolute condition, without which this promised golden age will disappear, and that is, the maintenance of peace. For the last twenty years, at any rate, every successive Governor-General has gone out with a firm determination to avoid war, and without a single exception, every one has found himself engaged in devastating hostilities. With such a past experience, it would be presumptuous to say that the same calamity may not again disturb the prospects of tranquillity and plenty. Still, it is certain that no one is able to detect the slightest grounds for immediate alarm, or even to indicate the quarter from which danger is likely at a future time to come. Our rule in India is consolidated on a basis such as never before existed; our frontier has reached its natural limits; our policy has become rational and temperate; and there is enough, if not to warrant absolute confidence, at any rate to encourage a strong hope that India is commencing a career of peaceful progress, which, if it should happily be continued, promises to make her the envy of the world. Probably no nation ever had so much cause for thankfulness as is furnished by the contrast between the India of 1863 and that of five or even three years since. Nowhere is there so grand a field for intelligent statesmanship; and, so far as can be judged at present, the administrators in whose hands her destiny is placed are fully alive to the opportunities and the responsibility of their position.

AMERICA.

THE next accounts from America may, perhaps, be the most decisive which have been received since the commencement of the war. The Confederates are apparently hard pressed in the field, and it is possible that their reserves may be nearly exhausted. Colonel GRIERSON, at the head of a brigade of Federal cavalry, has traversed the entire State of Mississippi without finding a force to interfere with his operations; and the Northern journals, with some show of reason, declare that the Confederacy is a shell with nothing inside it. No higher tribute could be paid to the ability of the Government, and to the heroism of the population. At almost every point, the Southern forces have been sufficient for the occasion, and within a few weeks the Federal attacks have been signally baffled at Charleston and at Chancellorsville; but it has been observed that the Confederate generals, notwithstanding their undoubted skill and vigour, are never strong enough to convert the repulse of their adversaries into a ruinous overthrow. Within six months, the Northern army has twice fought with the Rappahannock in its rear, and on both occasions it has been utterly defeated; but in May, as in December, the beaten general recrossed the river without the loss of a man during the passage. It is evident that General LEE is obliged to be economical of human life, while the Federal Government has hitherto found little difficulty in filling up its decimated ranks. It is, perhaps, surprising that General ROSENCRANZ should have failed to employ his superior

resources by offering a series of battles during his long and uneventful campaign in Tennessee. The project of thinning down the Southern population until it can no longer supply an army is more plausible than some of the schemes which have been popular in the Federal States since the commencement of the war. The North can afford to exchange two or three lives for one; and the German and Irish soldiers, as they are expended, leave few regrets in the philosophic American mind. It must be supposed that the Confederate troops, everywhere acting in a friendly country, escape many of the hardships and dangers which are fatal to the invaders; and as the Government of Richmond keeps its secrets, it is impossible to know whether any serious difficulty has yet occurred in filling up the ranks. The success of the cavalry expeditions under General STOKEMAN and Colonel GRIERSON is by no means conclusive. There may possibly have been Confederate troops in the interior both of Virginia and of Mississippi, although they were not on the spot when they might have checked the progress of the invaders. General STUART has several times passed behind the Federal lines with similar results. It is only certain that the numbers of the available Southern forces must be comparatively limited.

Whatever may be the fortune of war at Vicksburg, General GRANT appears to have conducted his recent operations with remarkable energy and skill. After taking Grand Gulf on the Mississippi, he turned eastward to Jackson, the capital of the State, and took it, after a severe contest with the Confederate General PEMBERTON. It seems that the occupation of Jackson made Vicksburg untenable, and consequently General JOHNSTONE had no option but to offer battle, either within his defences or in the open field. According to some reports, a force from Mobile was advancing to place General GRANT between two fires, but it is not denied that the Federal army occupied a central position, and forced the enemy to fight. Further accounts will show whether the hostile armies in Tennessee were near enough to combine their respective movements with the combatants on the Mississippi. General JOHNSTONE is said to be one of the ablest of the Confederate Generals, and he may have concentrated a force sufficient to crush his adversaries. It would, however, require a great victory in the field to counterbalance the loss of Vicksburg, which may probably be occupied in the meantime by troops from the flotilla on the river. If General JOHNSTONE succeeds both in defeating General GRANT and in retaining Vicksburg, the Confederates in the West will probably be safe from molestation during the remainder of the summer. It is said, on uncertain authority, that after his successful expedition on the right bank of the Mississippi, General BANKS has suffered a check, and fallen back upon New Orleans; and a Confederate force has threatened an invasion into Kentucky, either for the purpose of collecting supplies, or, perhaps, in the hope of effecting a diversion. Yet it is not probable that either party will attempt any serious operation until the result of the great struggle at Vicksburg is determined. Port Hudson will scarcely be able to stand alone against the undivided efforts of the Federal forces by water and by land. It is not known whether the Confederates have yet suffered inconvenience from the interruption of their communications with Texas, and it seems improbable that the whole course of the Mississippi can be effectually watched by the Federal gunboats. Thus far the advantage of the uneventful Western campaign appears to incline to the invader.

The proceedings of political parties in the North will probably depend on military events. Administrations are in all countries irresistible as long as they are conducting a prosperous and popular war. As Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLE-REAGH profited by the victories of WELLINGTON, Mr. LINCOLN and his advisers may set opposition at defiance if General GRANT marches over the Confederate army into the defences of Vicksburg. On the other hand, the collapse of General HOOKER restored the spirits of the New York Democrats, and if GRANT is defeated, the agitation for peace may be renewed, or, rather, it may be seriously commenced. A late rumour that the Federal Government had invited the good offices of the Emperor NAPOLEON foreshadows a possible event, which is yet contingent on the fortune of the war. The once dominant party, which has been so long silent, cannot have entirely dissolved its organization, and on two or three occasions it has reminded its Republican opponents of its continued existence. In professing to approve of peace only on condition that the Union is preserved, the Democratic leaders obey the laws which regulate the conduct and language of political parties. An agitation for peace, under any pretext, would imply the early recognition of Southern independence, although sanguine friends of the South would persuade themselves that a future

reconstitution of the Union might hereafter become possible. As long, however, as it is believed that the disruption can be forcibly reversed, no project of negotiation will meet with popular support. The Democrats have the misfortune of finding themselves in the invidious circumstances which always surround an Opposition in time of war. In spite of themselves, they derive an advantage as a party from any misfortune which may happen to their country as far as it is unavoidably identified with the actual Government. While they denounce the incapacity and perversity of the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet, they cannot be supposed deeply to regret the successive proofs of the correctness of their judgment. In the city of New York, the Democratic party retains its former ascendancy, and the recent proceedings at Albany seem to show that it is also powerful in the State. The division of parties in the West, perhaps, scarcely coincides with the political demarcations of the Atlantic States; but, on the whole, it may be doubted whether the Republicans command a majority beyond the limits of New England. The floating multitude which sides in turn with the popular faction of the moment is influenced, for the present, by the events of the war rather than by arguments or speeches.

It is difficult to judge of the foundation which may exist for the imputations of personal ambition which are constantly directed against Federal generals and politicians. In the autumn of next year, Mr. LINCOLN's successor will be chosen, and it is not unnaturally supposed that every civil and military leader is a possible candidate for the Presidency. HOOKER's vapouring proclamations before and after his defeat were interpreted as addresses to the Federal constituency; but until he has retrieved his late disaster, his pretensions will by no means embarrass his rivals. If General GRANT takes Vicksburg, he may perhaps become considerable enough to be regarded as a candidate, and even the managers of Presidential Conventions might prefer a successful general to an obscurer competitor. Yet it would not be surprising if the Republicans should offer Mr. LINCOLN a second term of office, and, on the whole, it would be difficult to find a less objectionable candidate. The Democrats will probably select Mr. SEYMOUR, the present Governor of New York, unless Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's martyrdom marks him out as a party leader. General BUTLER is recommended to popular favour by the distaste which his name would inspire in the South and in Europe. General McCLELLAN may possibly rely on his military merits, and on the ill-treatment which he has suffered from his adversaries. But it would be idle to speculate on a selection which will probably depend on events which have yet to occur. It is still uncertain how far the authority of the future PRESIDENT will extend, and what Constitution it may be his lot to administer. The American people will not emerge from the present struggle unaffected by the first considerable transactions in their hitherto uneventful history. The Federal Government will probably become more powerful than heretofore, unless a strong reaction takes place in favour of the independence of the several States; and if the public authority for the first time centres in Washington, it may be expected that some effort will be made to select more considerable candidates for the Presidency. If an able general should at last be discovered, his reputation will probably overshadow the claims of civilian rivals; but, for the present, the people of the Northern States appear to have lost their eager faith in successive military pretenders. The battle of Vicksburg may possibly determine the future fate of the Union.

POLAND.

THE history of the world at present is the history of successful defences, and of defences that no one could have expected to succeed. It seemed impossible that the Southern Confederates should hold out long against the Northern Federals; or that the miserable mongrel brigands of Mexico should cause Mexican securities to fall, contrary to all sound and virtuous principles, after a year of fighting, by beating off French troops; or that the Poles, driven to bay in the extremity of desperation, armed with scythes, and without fortresses, or artillery, or eminent leaders, should have gone on for at least four months defeating the disciplined armies of the Czar—successfully opposing rusty iron to the rifle and the bright steel of the bayonet, and even when beaten springing up from the very scene of their defeat in numbers sufficient to occupy the ground where their enemies thought themselves triumphant. A remarkable similarity pervades all these three great fields of political struggle. In all there is a general interest attaching

to the cause of the defenders. Even the bitterest friends of the North must admire the gallantry, the statesmanship, and the military skill of the South. Stock-jobbers—however firmly convinced they may be, with the financiers of the *Times*, that a nation which sends down the price of stocks held largely by Englishmen ought to be annihilated—must still see that to hold Puebla in face of a siege-train and Zouaves implies determination, and what, in men who sent prices up, would justly be called courage. And the continuance of the guerilla warfare maintained by the Poles, in spite of all their disadvantages, is a proof of the extraordinary degree to which national virtues may be transmitted from generation to generation, and of the marvellous tenacity with which lively and bold races, supported by the stimulus of religious animosity, can continue, in the face of an unrelaxing opposition and of all sorts of discouragements, to confide in themselves and their country. Nor is the parallel less close in the uncertainty which overshadows the remoter consequences of the defence, however successful it may be. If the French left Mexico, the Mexicans would still be Mexicans; they would immediately return to their old habits of pillaging and murdering each other. The South has no frontier which can easily be traced; and the mere fact of the existence of slavery on one side of an artificial boundary and its absence on the other, as well as the conflicting interests of the Eastern and Western States of the North, may not improbably lead to new complications. And in Poland there is no possible solution which can be considered to be probable, and calculated to endure, if the resistance of the Poles goes on much longer. If a new Constitution is set up under the auspices of the Western Powers, it is easy to foretell an endless series of squabbles as to whether it has been faithfully observed or not. If the Poland of the Treaty of Vienna is made independent, it will attract to it the Polish provinces of Russia; and so present peace will only mean future war. On the other hand, if the Poles got all they want, and the Kingdom, as well as Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia, were united into an independent State, Russia would cease to be Russia, and would sink into a distant, embarrassed, and almost barbarous Power.

The Cabinets friendly to Poland feel the great difficulties which overhang the future of the Poles, and it is only in a wavering and not very intelligible way that they set themselves to shape the destinies of the nation they feel called on to protect. Austria has the clearest and the easiest position. Austria has very little of the guilt of the partition to reproach herself with, for she made the best of both worlds, and took her share of the plunder with much tender and generous regret. She would not really lose if a free Poland were set up. The loss of Galicia would entitle her, according to the views of those who amuse themselves with recasting the map of Europe, to some compensation in those distant regions where Turks and Christians are for ever murdering each other, to the mystification of English Consuls, who, until the Foreign Office enlightens them, cannot for the life of them guess which is in the wrong. Even if Austria lost Galicia and got nothing in exchange, she might easily console herself. If she suffered, Russia and Prussia would suffer so much more that her loss would be a relative gain. England feels impelled to do something as strong as is consistent with a fixed determination not to go to war. It is accordingly said that Lord RUSSELL has proposed that there should be an armistice, and that a Congress should decide on the future of Poland. It is evident that, before this proposal can be accepted, the Russians must own themselves to be defeated. In some cases, an armistice makes little change in the position of the combatants. If the French took Puebla, and then an armistice intervened before they went on to Mexico, it might be possible that terms might be arranged that would subject neither side to the reproach of a defeat; and if the efforts of friendly negotiators were unsuccessful, the combatants might be left much as they would have been if no armistice had been agreed on. But if the Russians consent to an armistice, and refer the claims of Poland to the adjudication of a European tribunal, they stamp the rebellion with a new character, and would have to confess that it could not be repressed. The Poles, looking to the Powers which procured the armistice, would probably get much less than they claim, and yet would necessarily get what Russia will struggle long and hard before she will consent to give. Although, therefore, the proposal of England may seem simple and definite, it would humiliate Russia for the present, and sow the seeds of future strife. Whatever the Poles got would be less than they want, but much more than Russia could give them without impairing her position. France, in

whom alone lies the real issue what is to become of Poland, and who may possibly decide on rendering the Poles effectual help, says nothing, but still manages to inspire or foster the belief that she is the real friend of Poland, and that the Poles have only her to look to. Whether France will interfere in a manner to convince Russia she is in earnest, no one—not even, probably, the EMPEROR himself—can undertake to say. All the arguments that induce a belief either way are of a remote and uncertain kind. The EMPEROR is getting old, is becoming gradually disinclined to adventure, has a position which he could scarcely improve, and is acknowledged, by those best acquainted with him, to have a genuine horror of whatever would lead to a renewal of such sickening scenes as he saw on the fields of Magenta and Solferino. On the other hand, the progress of the French arms in Mexico has not been of a sort to satisfy the impatience of a nation thirsting for military glory. A foreign campaign would distract attention from the victory of the Opposition in the elections, and the expense of a war would be gladly borne if so ready an equivalent were found as the possession of the Rhenish provinces.

In the meantime, the insurgents succeed in a wonderful way. Battle after battle is fought, and, according as the account comes from Warsaw or Cracow, we learn that the insurgents have fled in terror, cut up, demoralized, and pursued; or that long strings of carriages, filled with wounded Russians, are slowly returning from the field where the champions of Poland were triumphant. But whatever may be the true account of these desultory encounters, there can be no doubt that the Poles have, on the whole, gained great advantages. In the first place, they occupy all the ground they have ever occupied, they carry the struggle almost to the gates of Warsaw, they keep open the frontier of Galicia, by which alone they communicate with the outer world, and they have stirred up Polish Russia to a pronounced and irrevocable revolt. Then, again, the arts on which their enemies have chiefly relied have failed. The Russians were confident that, even if sheer fighting would not subdue them, they might easily be put down by directing against them the fire of religious hatred, or by engaging the peasants to do the murderous work and cut the throats of revolutionary landlords. But the peasants are, for the most part, either favourable to the revolution or indifferent to its result. Both sides promise them all that they could possibly want—land rent-free, religious toleration, and an abolition of all the privileges of class. They can, therefore, afford to view with equanimity and impartiality the endeavour of those who are courting them to destroy each other. Nor does religion play the part which Russia had assigned to it. The Catholics fight that Poland may be free, but none of the shades of orthodoxy or schism which prevail in the Greek Church have yet learnt to set religion before all the claims of blood, tradition, and political affinity. So the war goes on; and week after week passes by, leaving the future more and more uncertain, and only making one thing sure—that things cannot be as they were, and that the Poles have either something better before them than Europe would have believed, or something more terrible than Europe would like to think of.

THE INNER LIFE.

IN an excellent criticism on Eugénie de Guérin, in the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. Arnold has compared the writings of that melancholy and imaginative Frenchwoman with those of a certain Miss Emma Tatham, whose name is new to us, but who appears to have been a lady who spent her life in religious labours at Margate, and who expressed her feelings in that kind of devotional language which is familiar to English Protestants of the nineteenth century. As Mr. Arnold remarks, however much the form varied in which these ladies depicted or recorded their inner life, the basis was the same. The history of the soul that lives apart, and tries to lose the consciousness of this world in the consciousness of the next, is always essentially the same. Sometimes it is a history of struggle, of regret, of longing, passionate desire for perfection; sometimes it is the history of a happy mysticism, and of an absorption in the love of God. But so far as the outer life is distinguished from the inner, and saints of the type of Eugénie de Guérin are marked off from the world, the general result is the same. The soul gets further and further away from earth. It continually teaches itself fresh scruples, and limits its sphere of action so as to avoid the possibility of wrong. Not to act, or, if society and the form of religion prevailing enforce some sort of action, then to act under some authority and system that makes action mechanical, and good works as much the ordinary unreflecting operations of the soul as eating and drinking are of the body, is the great aim. The happiness, and movement, and life of such minds lie neither in the energy of the outer life nor in the performance of duties, but in

thought, and hope, and fear, and tremulous, joyous aspiration. Forced solely into one direction, the soul gains new powers, and constantly sees more to reflect on in its objects of reflection, and to love in its objects of love—until at last it is not too much to say that earth has almost vanished to the soul that is dead to it, and the mystical heaven has begun. To pass from the contemplation of such a life to the busy world, with its rude religion, and its moderate goodness, and its unnumbered cares and pleasures, seems like passing from the stillness of evening in the mountains to the hum of a street at noonday. We ask ourselves almost instinctively how it comes that so great a difference should exist, and whether these "fair souls," as Goethe called them, are the type of human excellence, and what is the real relation which the inner life bears and ought to bear to the outer.

No one with any habit of reflection, taking up a devotional work in which he sees a picture of Catholic or Protestant saints who have given up everything to acquire the habit and the language of mystical devotion, can avoid asking himself anxiously some question of the kind. For religious life is, we are told, to be the aim of all endeavour, and in these people religious life seems to have blossomed most freely. And if we reply that this is only one kind of religious life, and that there is no need to go so high, we are aware that at every turn of their career these mystical and pious persons rejected any statement of the kind. They could not bear to take a low level, and were what they were simply because they felt that their inner life would wither away unless they suffered it to grow at the expense of everything else. Then, were they wrong or right? To this question, if we look at the inner life itself, we can get no answer. No general statements can decide whether it is better or not for a particular soul to let its inner life develop as that of Eugénie de Guérin did. But viewing the matter from the point of view of the outer life, and asking what is the value and importance of such characters in the world, we may arrive at some sort of result. There are others with whom we can compare them—others who lose themselves, and pass their lives, in the development of some special faculty or power of the soul. A great artist is not unlike a great mystic, and the mind of a man like Beethoven or Raffaele is as lost in the love of sound, or form, and colour, as the soul of the mystic is lost in the love of the Eternal. The artist is in a sense dead to the world. He is absorbed in the contemplation of something intangible, exciting, and elevating, and in the attempt to apprehend and express it. He cannot be an artist unless he gives himself up to his art, and lets it in some degree master and occupy him. And the artist is justified by his success. He is rewarded by his conquest of difficulties, by his expression of what men love to have expressed, and by his power of bringing home the notion and perception of art to the minds of his fellows. We do not want to have everyone a great artist; but we want as many men and women as possible to have that cultivation of eye and taste, and that unending capacity of new pleasures, which art brings with it. Artists are the aids by which art exists. And so mystical recluses are neither lost to the world, nor models of the world, nor teachers of the world, so much as beings who push one thing far, that men may see what the flower of devotional piety is like, and may learn all they can from the sight. A country is in a poor way whose appreciation of beauty does not flower into great artists, and whose religious life does not flower into saints.

And the outer world occupies also, in another way, much the same relation to saintliness that it does to art. It alone makes each possible; it controls and models each; and it, strange to say, renovates and inspires each. Obviously, it is only because the mass of people do the business of life, and come to have that adaptation of their character to their employment which is the secret of ordinary work being well done, that artists can live for art, and saints can get rid of their scruples by doing less and less, or by working more and more in a predestined groove. It would be a curious calculation to consider, however generally, all that it had cost society to make the existence of such women as Miss Tatham or Eugénie de Guérin possible. Nor does the saint ever escape the controlling influence of the world. Eugénie de Guérin had the sense to see this, and to record her gratitude at the number of absurdities from which the good sense of those around, and the experience of past times, saved her and people like her. The mystic, like every one else, thinks as constitution and education bid. Why does not the modern devotee rush out into the wild places of the earth as the ancient devotee did, and live in caves, and sleep on the hard rock and in the open sky? It is because the experience of man has proved that the hermit life does not answer; and society, treasuring up this experience, impresses it almost from the cradle on the mind of the saint. The English saint is different from the French, and writes and thinks in a different way. And just as in the sphere of art, when artists, from pursuance of a theory or from the acceptance of a traditional style, have sunk into a mannerism from which they cannot escape, they are forced back into a new communion with the outer world, and a new study of ordinary life, in order to restore vigour to art, so religion, after a period of excitement and intensity, falls into languor and conventionalism, and is only restored to the level of saintly excellence when new minds fresh from the outer world pour themselves into it. Therefore, if art, and saintliness, and all other exceptional blossomings of peculiar faculties or habits of the soul, are necessary to raise and stimulate and purify the world, the world is equally necessary to them, for they exist at the expense of those who will do rougher, and

humbler, and more prosaic work; and they are kept from the waste-fulness of repeating old follies, and from the stagnation of routine excellence, by the teaching and the help that the world gives them.

And as with art, so with saintliness—the more spontaneous its growth the better. It is very natural that Governments should have undertaken to foster art, and to make artists to order. But it is also very intelligible that they have, for the most part, failed, and that, even when these victims of patronage have had the best models and been sent to the best schools, they have often only arrived at a mechanical industry and dexterity. What could be more natural, again, than that it should seem wise to give pious souls unusual advantages, and the opportunities of a life exactly suitable to them, and to build monasteries and nunneries where they might be safe, and happy, and free? Nor is it altogether true that the experiment has been a failure; for in some ages and countries a hallowed retreat of this sort was a necessity, if the saints were to be undisturbed and permitted to live as they pleased. Society, by building nunneries, only effected what society also effects by a number of minute and concurrent contrivances when it arranges that a Miss Tatham shall do as she pleases at Margate. Nor is it to be denied that many saintly souls have come to their full flower in a nunnery, although the history of the Romish Church shows that most of those who have most impressed themselves on the minds of their contemporaries, and on the memory of posterity, have been outside a nunnery, or have taken into one the strength and fire of devotion first shown and fostered in the outer world. But no system affects very greatly exceptional and superior minds. A great artist may be patronised by a government, and a great saint may be reared within portals never entered by the profane. But it is in the lower type of artist or saint that we see how little excellence is attained in either case when the bent of the mind in the direction taken is not strong, nor the power of following it great. The artists who are not great or successful, but only members of the artist world, and the saints who are not deep or ardent, but are merely members of the religious world, very often exhibit the weakness and narrowness attendant on development in a special line, without any compensating gain. Many religious persons, whether in or out of nunneries, only lose by their withdrawal from the outer world, and are in a maze of scruples and petty thoughts, and babyish gossip, and tiny likings and dislikings, just as artists who paint or chisel a little, and not well, but hang on the skirts of art, come to be little better than the prattlers of the mean, barren, stale judgments and guesses of a clique. The babbling of the religious world is very like the babbling of the artist world, and is about as unmeaning, paltry, and inane.

That saintly souls are like artistic genius, and are meant to be exceptional and beautiful appearances, colouring and brightening, like Alpine roses, the upper heights of human life, is evidently what Goethe intended to convey when he wrote his history of *A Fair Soul*. And it appears to us that Goethe was quite right, and that, therefore, it is much better to acknowledge that he was right. But it is easy to give this thought a turn which it bears in Goethe, but which it need not have, and which, in our opinion, entirely spoils it. Goethe conveys the impression that saintliness and art are only two very good things in their way, of each of which society wants a certain quantity, but that it is no more the business of any individual to be a saint than an artist. So long as the world has its due proportion of "fair souls" and of artistic genius, all is well, and we need no more concern ourselves about saintliness than about art. Every one in England, at this time of day, when so much has been written and said about Goethe and Goethe's topics of discussion, can see at once that this is not true. Saintliness can never be the same to us as artistic genius, for saintliness springs from religion, and religion is a necessity not only of saints, but of all men. Any one may say perfectly well that he has no taste for art, and does not intend to trouble himself about it. But some degree of saintliness must enter into all religion. Therefore, although ordinary men are not called on to feel or live as saints do, and will make a vast mistake if they torture themselves into being sham saints, yet that which saints have felt and lived for can never be indifferent to them, or seem something outside them, if they are all that they may be. Saints are, to ordinary good people, exactly what great artists would be to the mass of persons capable of seeing and appreciating beauty in some shape, provided that all persons so capable were bound to exercise their capacity. But persons capable of appreciating beauty and exercising this capacity need not be artists, and would gain nothing by turning artists without gifts and powers adequate to the undertaking; and so most good people, although the thoughts and life of such a person as Eugénie de Guérin ought never to be indifferent to them, would not only not gain, but would positively lose, by trying to imitate her.

OUR FAILURES.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Beau Brummell's valet and "our failures." It belongs to the time when the taste of our fathers, under the Regent, clothed the fashionable human neck with a majestic well-starched gorget of white linen several inches high, upon which the chin of the dandy solemnly reposed between two lofty side-wings of shirt-collar. The labour of dressing for dinner culminated in the proper arrangement of this architectural column of cambric. It was a work of time, and at once a delicate mental and mechanical operation, to make the cravat yield to exactly the right hairbreadth, and take and keep

the exact classical folds which would show off to best advantage the superincumbent visage. Any undue limpness of the material, any impatience or indecision in the manipulation, was sure to bring the whole concern to an unsuccessful end. The insufficient tie had to be thrown by, and the process of coaxing, moulding, and tying a fresh one into shape was begun again and again, till the fastidious wearer was satisfied with the complete effect. No wonder that Beau Brummell's valet felt the responsibility of the situation. No wonder if he answered the inquiring looks of an astonished friend who met him, after his master had gone out in full dress, tripping downstairs with a whole sheaf of rumpled but clean neckties over his arm, with the quiet and dignified explanation, "These are our failures."

Plenty of cynical cleverness has been expended before now in criticizing the character of Brummell and his age; and it is with no view of following in the wake of any such criticism that we have referred once more to the familiar story. It is satisfaction enough to have lived into an age when a less exacting fashion prevails in regard to the styles of draping the human neck upon occasions of ordinary festivity, without sneering at the less easy and comfortable dandyism of the generation before our own. Although the narrower bow, which now graces the throat of the young gentleman of the period, is less obtrusively magnificent than the tall columnar wrappage in which men carried their heads when lady patronesses first began to reign at Almack's, it is capable of as much finish in the fastening. It cannot be doubted that there are youths of the present day who give their whole mind to it while they are performing the operation quite as absolutely as Brummell did before them, and whose valets could probably show on great occasions a reasonably large stock of "failures." Brummell gave his mind to other things beyond mere coxcombry of dress, or he would never have won the social reputation which he did for a time enjoy. He achieved by turns failures and successes in other fields, as well as in that of decorative dressing; but, by a natural irony of destiny, the memory of his failures has clung to his name most closely in the particular department in which his pre-eminence was most notorious and incontestable. Everybody comes in for his share of hits and misses after the same fashion, in whatever part of the game of life he is playing; and it is precisely in those branches of the game to which a man has specially devoted his energies, with whatever general success his good luck may have given him, that he will find, on looking back, the most numerous instances of his failures. And there is no great harm in its being so.

Few persons, for instance, who have in any way taken to literary composition, can turn over the accumulations of past years in old portfolios, desks, or table-drawers, without stumbling across sheet after sheet of paper, used up in turn to no practical end except that of being one more of "our failures." There they lie in a dusty state of absolute rest, with all the characters traced upon them of no more apparent use to anybody than if they had been written in an unintelligible cypher. The ordinary—sometimes more than the ordinary—amount of labour and brains was once spent by the writer upon any sheet that can be picked out of the pack. He probably thought that, while so engaged, he was elaborating a composition which would, in some sense or other, suit or strike the public ear. But for some reason the public ear was not to be struck by the words written on that piece of paper. There was an unforeseen hitch in the process at some point. The public didn't like the look of the sentiments when it saw them; or the publisher thought the public wouldn't like them; or some one else had happened to say pretty much the same thing the week before in a rather more pointed way. So that either they were not printed at all, or, if printed, they failed to produce the effect which their author had hoped from them. They have come back to lie for years in dust; perhaps to be issued many years later in a collected volume of similar failures as posthumous pieces, if meanwhile their author has managed to die in the odour of popular notoriety. In this last case, it is at the best an even chance whether a cold world will ask the author's literary executors why such unnecessary platitudes have been exhumed, or a docile public wonder how such great truths could ever have fallen dead at the time of their first utterance. On the whole, it is most prudent for the author and his friends to recognise at once that what has failed is a failure, and not indulge a doubtful hope that it will be hailed as a success by-and-by. *Transcat cum ceteris* should be indorsed in a spirit of equanimity upon every composition that has failed to secure its hoped-for meed of popular appreciation.

Among the other increments of easy wisdom which are brought by the passage of time, is the profound philosophical content with which we can contemplate the fact of our foregone failures. Here, on one side of the drawer, lies a youthful composition, the success of which at the time gave its author unmingled satisfaction—for instance, a school prize poem. On the other side, is one to which was given in the making as much thought and labour, stimulated by as strong and healthy a youthful ambition—a poem written a few years later at college for the Chancellor's medal, which it did not gain. Which of the two facts affects the mind of the middle-aged author with the greater satisfaction—the school success, or the college failure? The excitement of a gratified vanity, and the depression of a disappointment, have alike faded away into impartial oblivion. It is impossible conscientiously to aver that we grieve now over the loss of a limited immortality among the Boadiceas, and Palestines, and Delphis, and Timbuctoos of a past Oxford or Cambridge generation, any more than an aged racer laments that he did not in his time win

the Derby. At the same time, if asked the question as critics, we are probably still honestly satisfied that our own failure was at all points superior to the competing composition which carried away the medal. We should have thought more highly, even now, of the taste and acumen of the respectable University authorities who adjudged the prize away from ourselves, if they had shown themselves more capable of appreciating solid merit and quiet grace. But it is only as critics, and in the interests of truth, that we care to judge now those who judged us then. Personally, it is a matter of absolute indifference to our present mature self that our adolescent self failed in his ambition to recite a set of very fair verses in the University pulpit on a forgotten Commencement day. Here, again, are papers of a later epoch, which met with a similarly unfortunate want of appreciation at the hands of an unsympathetic world. One of them was a withering criticism of a highly over-rated popular favourite in the writing, preaching, or some other line of exhibition, the tone of which was perhaps a trifle too withering to suit the prudent taste of the editor to whom it was offered for publication. At the time when this article was rejected or suppressed, its author may have felt a contemptuous indignation for the shilly-shally cowardice of editors in general, who would not risk a chance of personal loss or inconvenience for the sake of setting the public right and improving a degraded taste. Does he still feel bitterly the iniquity of fate which prevented him from drawing his publisher into the perils of an action more or less analogous to *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*? Not very bitterly. Time has somehow done, by gentle degrees, for the public taste what his own incisive pen was anxious to do at a single stroke. The popular humbug has been weighed in the balance, although the most searching dissection of him ever made has merely run to waste in a closed drawer. The great truth which some years since was revealed to one earnest and enthusiastic thinker in his closet is pretty sure to have transpired through some other channel, and become current upon the house-tops, even in the silence of the earliest discoverer.

The failures which Brummell's valet carried downstairs were in due course sent to the laundress, starched and ironed anew, tried on again with more perfect success, and worn in spotless triumph on some later day. The actual damage arising from the failures of the day reduced itself to the wear and tear and cost in extra washing, added to the loss of time and labour expended in the process of dressing. The last item must be taken as more or less balanced by the continual approach towards the acme of perfection in mechanical skill. Every failure was a further lesson in delicate manipulation, as well as a further step in the formation of an absolutely pure and grandiose taste in neckties. Much the same may be said of our failures upon paper. The loss of labour in the unsuccessful composition is, in this case, greater in proportion, though even this is in some slight degree compensated by the increased facility in style and expression which the conscientious expenditure of that labour involves. But the failure itself is not to be regarded merely as an exercise. It is consoling to find how well and how often a failure will wash and come out as good as new. If there is any thought in it at all, it will repay the trouble of rearrangement and fresh elaboration. A slight difference in the handling, the compression of one portion of the subject-matter and the expansion of another, or a scarcely perceptible change in the tone or manner of writing, will make palatable to a critical audience that which it had rejected as crude or dull. It is not absolute novelty in the tale that gives originality to a story, but freshness in the telling. One of Scott's friends recognised this fact when he laughingly complained that Sir Walter stole all his old stories and dressed them up with a cocked hat and cane. In other words, Scott had the gift of smoothing out other men's failures, and tying them on himself so prettily as to turn them into a success. Any person in the habit of writing, who looks over a bundle of his own old failures, will probably find that most of their materials have been since turned by him into something newer and better accommodated to their proper end. Such acts of economy in composition are often more unconscious than voluntary. When a thought worth expressing has once been expressed in the best form, it retains that form in the mind of the writer as long as it remains there. Where a thought finds one expression in words, but, instead of keeping it, struggles to find, and does in the end find another, there is evidence that the thought was worth thinking out, and also that the first mould into which it had cast itself was incomplete, or somehow unsatisfactory. The failure has been a step in the eliminative process by which the true expression has been at last attained.

Every art, science, profession, or other department of life has, as we have said above, its examples of failure in like manner; and it is generally only past the wrecks of former failures that any course of human experience can be navigated safely to the haven of victory. If there is truth in the maxim of the old Greek sage, that no man can be counted happy till his death, there is also of necessity some truth in the complementary assertion, that no man alive should be counted absolutely unhappy. Until a man has lost the power of failing, he retains also the capacity of succeeding; and it is difficult to say that a man has ever passed his very last chance in life of doing something which it may be well for him to have done. Let it be hoped that even the earthly career of Brummell was not, after all, so entirely futile as to justify the great world-valet in laying it over his arm and carrying it down stairs with a grim smile as nothing but one of "our failures."

POLICY & HISTORY.

NONE but those who have been called upon to study history critically can thoroughly appreciate the immense value of contemporary historians. It is true that, being generally mixed up with the parties and imbued with the passions of their time, they are liable to be swayed by prejudices from which historians writing on past events are comparatively exempt; but they are actual witnesses of the events which they relate, and of the characters which they portray. Subsequent historians write from such data as accident may have bequeathed to them; and those data are always imperfect, and frequently imperfect in the most essential respects, because the very things which posterity most desires to know, being most familiar to contemporaries, are thought least worthy of special record. The history which we accept is, to a fearful extent, the product of imagination acting upon these imperfect data. Strip off from the narrative and from the figures of the past that which fancy has supplied to fill a void, and for which no positive testimony of actual witnesses can be produced, and the world would stand aghast at the skeleton which would remain.

The value of a contemporary historian to posterity is, of course, greatly enhanced if his work is published at the time, so as to be subject to the test of contemporary criticism—still more if the publication takes place in the author's lifetime, so that he may give the guarantee of personal responsibility for the statements which he has made. That the publication of a contemporary history should be otherwise than invidious, or should fail to draw charges of calumny on its author, is almost out of the question. The party of Cleon were probably as angry with Thucydides as the Whigs are with Mr. Kinglake. Many a Greek general and colonel, no doubt, went about in Greek guard-rooms saying that the historian of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand had been most unjust to his regiment or brigade. Whether, in any of these cases, the same rancour was shown as has been shown in the case of Mr. Kinglake, we cannot say; but neither Thucydides nor Xenophon had spoken disparagingly of the *Times*. It is, however, the very exasperation which a contemporary history infallibly creates that, by ensuring the most unsparing criticism, stamps its worth for the benefit of posterity; and all historians of contemporary events, if they are conscious of their own veracity, will accept, not only with patience, but with satisfaction, the fire by which their work is to be proved.

One condition, however, must be imposed upon the critics. They may be as pitiless—they may even be as rancorous—as they please. The more pitiless and the more rancorous they are, the more effective will be the cross-examination, the more trustworthy will be the evidence which survives. But they must look to the truth of the history, not to its policy. With the policy of a work, the historical critic has nothing to do. It signifies nothing to him that the account given by Herodotus of the respective conduct of Athens and Sparta may have been calculated to create ill-will between those two Powers. It signifies nothing to him whether Mr. Kinglake's account of the *coup d'état* or the part taken by the French in the battle of the Alma is or is not calculated to impair the good understanding between the English and French Governments, or the cordiality of feeling between English officers and their military friends in France. As a matter of fact, experience has long ago brought the world in general, if it has not brought diplomatists, to the conviction that, on all subjects and on all occasions, the most dangerous of all things is falsehood, and the safest of all things is truth. But historical criticism will no more discuss the danger or safety of particular disclosures than science will discuss the expediency or in expediency of a particular scientific conclusion.

Now, this very obvious rule has, unluckily, been forgotten by the critics of a contemporary history which, considering the events of which it treats, and the authorities on which it professes to be founded, must be regarded as one of the most important ever given to the world. We are not going to discuss again the merits or demerits of Mr. Kinglake's *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*, as to which we have already been led, in vindication of our own original judgment, to say more than we intended, and, perhaps, than our readers desired. But we must protest against having this or any historical work denounced on grounds of policy or personal feeling, instead of being arraigned on the grounds, which alone are relevant, of fact. The *Times* avowed its principle of criticism with singular simplicity when it indignantly asked Mr. Kinglake "what good his history had done to any man or system." But the same principle, though less openly expressed, has pretty evidently governed the writers of the reviews in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. The book, says the *Edinburgh*, "ought to have been just, generous, and conciliatory towards France"—as though to conciliate France were the business of an historian. The same review tells us that Morny, Persigny, St. Arnaud, &c., "so rudely assailed" by the historian, are "soldiers and statesmen with whom we [the *Edinburgh*?] have been actively and amicably connected for several years in the toils of war, in the business of politics, in the intercourse of private life, and, we will add as to some of them, by personal regard." The Whigs have been to Compiègne. This, no doubt, imposes new duties and conditions, and it may be new duties and conditions of an ennobling kind, upon the Whigs; but it does not impose new duties or conditions upon history. The writer in the *Edinburgh*, or his friends, may have become connected in various ways with Morny, Persigny, and St. Arnaud; but this does not alter, to the historical

eye, the mode in which Morny and Persigny have made their fortunes, nor obliterate the fact that St. Arnaud stands convicted, under his own hand, of having committed one of the most brutal and dastardly massacres in history. The *Quarterly*, in like manner, after expressing its horror at Mr. Kinglake's criticisms on the Emperor, warns the historian that, "as regards the private (!) characters of the Emperor's Ministers and friends, assuming all that Mr. Kinglake says to be true, it is no concern of ours." It may be no concern of the diplomacy which writes in the *Quarterly*—or rather, perhaps, it may concern that diplomacy to ignore the truth; but to know the truth about these "private characters" concerns history in the highest degree.

That neither the review in the *Edinburgh* nor that in the *Quarterly* is a *bond fide* historical criticism, but that both are written under the influence of diplomatic considerations, will at once appear, if the present statements of each journal respecting the *coup d'état* and the character of its author are compared with the statements made by them on the same subject before the French connexion had been formed, and when a journalist could have no object in writing on these questions but the truth. The *Edinburgh*, in its present number, is very incredulous as to Mr. Kinglake's account of the atrocities committed at the *coup d'état*, and very much shocked that anything degrading should be said of the Emperor's character. It throws in a word as to the manner in which the *coup d'état* was effected, just nominally, to save its own consistency, and that is all. It is disposed to agree with the philosopher who says, "Perhaps, after all, it was not the First Napoleon who was Napoleon the Great." But in April, 1852, the same journal had an article on Tronson du Coudray in which it went into the details of the *coup d'état*, then fully before it, and discussed the character of its authors. We invite the attention of those who may be moved by its present article to its previous sentiments. We will give one passage, which will sufficiently show the general tone:—

In the meantime, like all bad imitators, he [Louis Napoleon] exaggerates all that is monstrous in his monstrous originals. The 2nd December was a parody of the 18th Fructidor, only in larger proportions. Instead of 10,000 troops, which was the whole force of Augereau, Louis Napoleon occupied Paris with about 60,000. The Directory on that night arrested 16 of their opponents; Louis Napoleon, 78. The whole number of persons whom the Directory sent to Guiana was 335. Those whom Louis Napoleon has seized, and has either already sent away or detains in the frightful prisons of Rochefort and Brest, and the other ports on the Atlantic, are already counted by thousands; the lowest estimate that we have heard is 8,000, the highest 12,000, and we believe the latter to be nearer to the truth. A single department, the Nièvre, has furnished more than a thousand. A traveller through the middle of France in the latter part of February, found the roads swarming with prisoners on their way to the coast; some in long strings on foot, others piled together in diligences, in calèches, and in carts. The Directory published the names of their victims; those of Louis Napoleon are known only to himself or to his agents; among them may be many of the persons supposed to have perished in the massacre of the 5th December. All that is known is, that about 3,200 have since disappeared from Paris; they may have been killed in the Boulevards, and thrown into the large pits in which those who fell on that day were promiscuously interred; they may have been among the hundreds who were put to death in the courtyards of the barracks, or in the subterranean passages of the Tuileries; they may be in the casemates of Fort Bicêtre, or in the *bagnes* of Rochefort, or they may be at sea on their way to Cayenne.

The *Edinburgh* proceeds to relate, from personal knowledge, the story of one of the victims, and it states:—

That besides the 10,000 or 12,000 actually undergoing their sentence, 100,000 more are supposed to be in the vaults and casemates which the French dignify with the name of prisons, often piled, crammed, and wedged together so closely that they can scarcely change their positions.

Those who have made these statements may accuse Mr. Kinglake of calumniating the Emperor, and may represent his accounts of the atrocities committed at the *coup d'état* as a heap of rabid falsehoods; but, before doing so, they must have taken leave, not only of consistency, but of shame.

Now for the *Quarterly*. This journal, in its present number, says, in extenuation, or rather in defence, of the *coup d'état*:—

But let the truth be told. It was not the Emperor, who, aided by his associates, had alone conspired against the liberties of France. The great body of the nation were in this conspiracy, if conspiracy it was, and he, from a variety of causes, became their leader. The *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December was no unexpected event. If ever conspiracy was public in the hatching, it was this one. For months beforehand people in Paris daily asked themselves when the end would come. It was rather thought that the President was tardy in taking the step which the vast majority of the French people were almost audibly calling upon him to take. The corruption of the government of Louis Philippe—the events, domestic and foreign, which angered the nation and hastened his fall—the discredit of the republic—the bloody scenes in the streets of Paris—the ill-disguised schemes of the Red Republicans, who seemed at one moment about to clutch the reins of government—the squabbles and incapacity of the representative Chambers under the President—the general feeling of uncertainty, disquiet, and insecurity—and the universal yearning after something firm and stable—turned the thoughts of the nation towards an empire under a strong hand. Louis Napoleon was the only man who united in his person the various qualities and conditions which could give him a title in the eyes of the great mass of the people to govern France. That he fulfilled their wishes in assuming supreme power, there can be no doubt. That he was condemned by many great and good men, who had the liberties of their country dearly at heart, is equally true. But when these men, whose influence with a certain section of the people was to be feared, were carried off, as Mr. Kinglake has described, like felons in a prison van, where in France was the hand raised in their defence, or where the voice of sympathy heard in their behalf? To say that the French nation was so held down and terrified that it dared not act or speak, is to assert that which is palpably absurd. If their feelings had been seriously outraged, the people would have risen as they had risen before.

In its number of December, 1851, on "the French Autocrat," the same journal was exactly of an opposite opinion:—

But still less could we have anticipated the complacency, not to say approbation, with which this revolution has been received by many persons in England, and by some classes, we are told, in France, from whose antecedent opinions in favour of order, legality, and constitutional liberty, we should have expected the very reverse of a disposition to extenuate so gross and groundless a violence. All other usurpations that we have read of in history have had some kind of excuse, some pretext, however flimsy, some form, however empty, of public call or public consent. But here is a usurpation made by one of whom the little that is individually known beyond his name is ridiculous, and who has neither public services, nor conspicuous talents, nor personal reputation to justify an audacity far exceeding that of either Cromwell or Napoleon. We readily admit that rational men may believe, or rather, as we ourselves do, hope, that this great crime may be providentially guided to salutary results:—

"If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,

Why, then, a Borgia or a Catiline?"

The treason may eventually produce or accelerate a better order of things; but nothing can excuse the traitor.

We will beg leave also to call the attention of the readers of the present number of the *Quarterly* to this:—

We are told, forsooth! that one benefit France has already derived from this attempt—"the crisis of 1852 is averted!" Not so—only hastened forward, anticipated, and realized; for what worse than what has happened could have been feared, even by the most timorous, from 1852? All the institutions of the country overthrown—all constitutional authority dissolved—all legality abrogated—the streets of Paris a human slaughterhouse—innocent strollers and spectators on public walks and from drawing-room windows *wanton* massacred—hundreds of the most honourable and eminent men of the nation imprisoned like felons, some of them handcuffed—thirty-three departments in a state of siege—and, as the Buonapartists advocates are forward to admit, half the surface of the country reeking with blood and fire! What worse, we ask again, could have been feared from "52"? But why was any convulsion to be apprehended in "52"? If the parties who so foolishly, so blameably, concurred in electing Louis Napoleon, had elected any one else, or if Louis Napoleon had been content to abide by the conditions of his election, a new President—Cavaignac, Lamartine, Changarnier—would have been elected in "52," with, in all human probability, no disorder, because there would be neither pretext nor motive for disorder. All the mischief, whatever it may be, is chargeable to no other cause but Louis Napoleon's perjury to the Constitution, and his treason to the State. He has inflicted on the country, in December "51," the certainty of calamities which he pretends might happen in May "52," and the very chance of which was created by his own treachery and ambition. His pretext is no better than the proverbial absurdity of *Gribouille, qui se jeta dans l'eau de peur de la pluie*—he has plunged the country into the abyss of December for fear of a shower in May. We have seen the number of killed in those two days in Paris reckoned at 2,400. The executions by the *Revolutionary Tribunal* in the two years prior to the fall of Robespierre were only 2,700; and the massacres of December "51," if not so ferocious, were more wanton and more indiscriminate than those of September "92." We say nothing of thousands of prisoners and thousands of transported! Could "52" have done worse?

We will give one more extract from the number of 1851, which will be pleasant reading for Sir Francis Head, who at present finds himself on the same side as the *Quarterly* in this discussion:—

To trace all the steps of this conspiracy (the conspiracy which led to the *coup d'état*) would be to write the public history of France and the secret history of the *Elysée* for the last three years. We need not enter into such details; a few broad facts will suffice to revive the recollection of our readers. In the first place, it was soon observed that the *Citizen President* expected to be addressed by the title of *Monseigneur*—as a *Prince of the Blood*. Sir Francis Head, in his always amusing and often sagacious sketches of France, lately published, and which he too modestly calls *Fagots* (unless he thinks, with Sganarelle, *qu'il y a fagots et fagots*)—Sir Francis, we say, gives a flattering portrait of the *Prince President*, who, it seems, was singularly *empressé* towards him, and whose civilities (as was no doubt hoped) Sir Francis has gratefully repaid with his lively and, we need hardly add, favourable pencil; but it is impossible not to see in every touch of the portrait that *Monseigneur* was already *preluding* as *Emperor*. Will Sir Francis allow us to add a light stick to his gay bundle? Considering the nature of the midnight outrage committed by the President and his gang, it seems a curious coincidence that the instrument chiefly employed in burglary and housebreaking in Paris—described in the dictionary as *grosse pince de voleur*—is technically known to the thieves and the police as a *Monseigneur*; and never before, we venture to say, was any *Monseigneur* employed so flagitiously, or for the moment more successfully. *Mais patience!*

Since 1851, it has been discovered that Louis Napoleon is the head of the reactionary party in Europe; and he has accordingly received the support and homage of all those Conservatives who are not very deeply impressed with the sentiment expressed by the *Quarterly* in 1851 as to the connexion of order and legality with the Conservative cause. With this change of feeling amongst its party, the *Quarterly* has changed its tone respecting the character and events of the *coup d'état*. But the facts have not changed, and Mr. Kinglake, as an historian, is bound by the facts.

BISHOPS AND PASTORS.

A BISHOP is often a person much to be pitied. He seldom sees things or men as they are. Unless he is a man of strong mind and good sense, he is sure to fall into mischievous hands. Flatterers and toadies buzz round the episcopal palace, like flies round a grocer's shop in summer. Not being generally born to dignity, a bishop seldom hits that happy mean in which he can at once be authoritative and courteous, and can reconcile rule with policy. On the whole, as far as managing men goes, the academical or scholastic bishop is better as a working official than the parochial one. A man who has been tutor or head of a College, or who has managed a large public school, comes to know something of the world. Possibly he may, occasionally, treat his clergy like schoolboys, but he will never do an absolutely foolish thing. Your country parson, suddenly converted into My Lord, very likely will. That large experience of men and the world which has been fostered among pupil-teachers and district visitors, the habits of business engendered

by the engrossing accounts of coal clubs and penny banks, the self-reliance which has been engendered by female adulation, and the wisdom which has been matured in the discussions of the Clerical Society, scarcely stand a man in much stead in the care of a diocese. There are few things which more completely narrow the mind than to be the centre of a very small circle; and the man who has spent thirty years as the oracle of a "ruridecanal chapter" is likely to be a much more foolish, and, therefore, a much more mischievous bishop than the schoolmaster. The Bishop of Rochester was, we believe, made a bishop because he, Dr. Wigram, was said to have been, as the phrase goes, a very good parish priest. If he were this, which we by no means affirm, it only shows what very slender intellectual acquirements are required in the model country parson. Dr. Wigram has made himself remarkable—first, for having prohibited his clergy from wearing beards and playing at cricket; next, for having been the very first to denounce Dr. Colenso, on the remarkable ground that as he, Dr. Wigram, knew nothing of either Hebrew or German, he disliked speculations which betrayed a dangerous familiarity with those suspicious lingoers; and thirdly, for having inhibited a clergyman, living on his own property, from taking occasional duty in his diocese, because, as he writes to this clergyman, Mr. G. J. Davies, "It appears to be generally known, and much remarked on, that you are engaged in the management of land, holding a farm also yourself, and of necessity associating with farmers and markets far more than is usual in the case of clergymen, or than is proper for them, according to the best judgment I can form."

Now, if Dr. Wigram were a schoolmaster bishop, instead of a parish-priest bishop, he would probably have written better English. The nominative absolute is a feminine form of syntax, and to speak of a man "associating with markets" is a figure which one could hardly expect to find in the composition of a scholar. But in a bishop these things may pass. Bad grammar is, however, a venial offence compared with bad feeling and bad sense. We fear that Dr. Wigram cannot escape from the charge of ill-temper and an exceeding want of judgment in his relations with Mr. Davies. This gentleman seems to be something of a scholar. He is a Wykehamist, and the author of some sensible *Papers on Preaching*. In various parishes he has built schools and erected churches. In the diocese of Rochester and county of Essex he has been a licensed curate. For many years he has led an active and useful clerical life. He has never been absent a single Sunday during eleven years of parochial charge. He is honourably known to, and has been praised by, Bishop Wigram, who speaks of his "somewhat intimate and old acquaintance with Mr. Davies and his father." By reason of ill-health, caused by too close application to his duties, Mr. Davies has been obliged to give up active service in the Church and has retired to a farm. For regular duty Mr. Davies is incapacitated; but he has from time to time helped his clerical neighbours at their request. Bishop Wigram has prohibited Mr. Davies from affording these kindly offices to his neighbours. When he goes to church, he is inhibited from taking any part in the service. As he says, if a clergyman robs a savings-bank, he is suspended for two years; but Mr. Davies is suspended for life because he manages a farm. When Mr. Davies gave up his curacy and took a farm, he actually told Dr. Wigram of his intention; but the inhibition seems to have been issued chiefly on the reports of some clerical delators whose duties, very singular and wide ones, are stated to be to report to the Bishop on anything which seems to them to be irregular among their neighbouring parishes. If this is the office of a rural dean—if he is to be the Bishop's detective, and the inquisitor-general into his neighbour's business—the sooner we hear of the prohibition of so offensive a specimen of country vermin the better. It says little for the good taste and good feeling of the Bishop of Rochester if he imagines that his diocese can be managed by employing "officers of the diocese" to "report to the Bishop anything which seems to be irregular among their neighbouring parishes."

But the personal question is only a personal matter. If Dr. Wigram chooses to employ spies, and if there are clergymen in Essex who do not disdain this employment, the matter may be left for English feeling and English gentlemen, who are the victims of the spies, to settle. The Bishop of Rochester's doings, or any other Bishop's doings, are, however, matters which are of more than clerical or diocesan concern. Essex is a bucolic and georgic county. Its Bishop has announced that "associating with farmers and markets" is an improper and unclerical thing. To be sure, Mr. Davies "does not sell his own grain or cattle;" but he does ride to Chelmsford on market-days, and he has the friendship of many of the leading Essex agriculturists, especially of Mr. Disney, the squire of his parish, some of whose land he farms. It is for these associations that Mr. Davies is shut out from ministering at any altar, or standing in any reading-desk, or occupying any pulpit in the diocese. It would be superfluous to remind Bishop Wigram that, in assigning glebes to the clergy, the Church has approved the principle of clerical farming; but it is something that Bishop Wigram has been reminded that he himself farms three hundred acres of glebe attached to his own palace at Danbury. The *Tu quoque* is complete; but the licence awarded to Bishops is to be denied to poor curates. Law, and propriety also, vary according to rank and station.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Quite useless it will be to hint to Bishop Wigram that if he

inhibits Davies, the farmer, he would have been bound to suspend one Paul, a tent-maker; nor will it avail much to remind the Bishop of Rochester that a certain Bishop of Man, whose praise is in all the churches—even the apostolic Bishop Wilson—has been lately commemorated for his "taste for agriculture, which was one of the many providential circumstances which fitted him for his special post in the island." Bishop Wilson's "farm became very valuable to himself and successors," because Bishop Wilson was a practical farmer. Not being acquainted with Hebrew or German, and as his letters show, not over-familiar with pure English, we shall hardly suspect Bishop Wigram of any acquaintance with English literature, or we might refer him to the life of the wonderful Robert Walker. And if we could, after his foolish prohibition of clerical beards, suspect Dr. Wigram of any knowledge of human nature, or of the peculiar character of his own diocese, we should remark that it will hardly help episcopal influence in the Essex parishes when the Bishop pronounces that farmers are not fit associates for the clergy. Does Dr. Wigram really believe that Mr. Davies's habits are those of Parson Trulliber, or that farming is not now a pursuit just as scientific, and quite as much requiring capital and skill, as any other high mercantile occupation?

One word more. We are told that the supply of educated clergy in the Church of England is falling off. Perhaps the Bishop of Rochester has himself echoed this complaint. It will fall off still more fatally if the clergy are to be interfered with about beards and cricket, and if they are to be subject to spies and informers in the shape of "officers of the diocese," or to be liable to the sort of justice inflicted on Mr. Davies. No educated man will submit to petty tyranny and shabby *espionnage* which would not be endured for an hour in the sixth form of a public school. It has contributed mainly to the influence of the English clergy that their pursuits and manners of life connect them with all sorts and conditions of men. The clergy of England are not a caste. They are not to trim their beards or cut their hair according to any episcopal rescript. They are not to go about prim, isolated, and Pharisaical, with no connexion with the active life of England. Especially is it the duty of Bishops to encourage an intermediate class of clergy who, if they have no parochial duty, are still not to be excommunicated from ministering at the Church's altars because they live the life of an English country gentleman. Every clerical squire in the kingdom who manages his own estate ought to be inhibited from occasional clerical duty if Mr. Davies's case is to be made a precedent. And, as a mere profession, agriculture is quite as lawful for a clergyman to practise as literature or education, and more lawful than that of itinerant lecturing or reading from the Poets. However, Mr. Davies has his reward. He stands at least higher than those anonymous clerical neighbours who have undertaken the duty of ecclesiastical detectives; and as to poor Bishop Wigram, he may console himself. He cannot confute heresy, that is not his line; but he can shave his clergy. He has an objection to shearing sheep, but none to shearing the shepherds of the sheep. He dislikes turnip-feeding, but does not discourage tale-bearing. He eschews the clerical farmer, but is tolerant of the clerical spy. He condemns his brother to the extreme penalty of the law without even calling on him for his defence, and he launches on a poor unlicensed curate a condemnation which the law of England prevents him from putting in force in the case of a beneficed clergyman. There is fame of a sort in all this, and Bishop Wigram has already made a name among English Bishops.

MR. SOMES'S BILL.

MR. SOMES'S Bill for shutting up all the public-houses in England and Wales from eleven o'clock on Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning has, happily for the peace and quiet of London, been thrown out on the second reading by the very handsome majority of nearly three to one in a full House. Considering the enormous amount of petition-power which had been laid on for a couple of months past by the Sabbatarian and Temperance agitators who organized this audacious interference with the rights and comforts of the industrious poor, the result of Wednesday's division may be pronounced not unsatisfactory. To be sure, it is not pleasant to think that more than a hundred members of the House of Commons can be found to indorse a project of class legislation which not one in ten of them would tolerate if it were attempted to apply the same principle to their own domestic Sunday arrangements. It is only fair, however, to acknowledge, on the other hand, that the majority probably included not a few members who had reason to think that they were performing a public duty at some peril to their popularity with noisy and influential local supporters. On the whole, the House of Commons has seldom done a more useful and creditable Wednesday morning's work than in summarily rejecting a proposal to put the whole working population of England under the government of Sunday-school teachers, Christian Young Men, and "ministers of all denominations."

This measure of Mr. Somes's is one of those pieces of insolent tyranny which are only possible in a country where the forms and usages of political freedom give unbounded scope to the play of that machinery by which cliques and sects bully and worry timid legislators. Few despots would have the courage to attempt so reckless a crusade against the personal liberty and the harmless enjoyments of the most numerous class of the community as that

which has been preached from the Sabbatarian and Teetotal platform. The Bill was simply a Bill for spoiling the poor man's Sunday dinner—docking him of a lawful and innocent luxury which, to the great mass of the poor of this country, is practically a necessary of life. If it were ever to become the law of the land, the English working-man must, once a week, either drink stale beer with his victuals or content himself with cold water—unless, indeed, borrowing a hint from the Scotch, he were to resort to the too obvious expedient of laying in every Saturday night a stock of gin, which would at any rate not turn flat or sour on his hands. It is said that whisky-drinkers north of the Tweed contrive to dodge the Forbes Mackenzie Act by providing themselves beforehand with a due allowance of the national beverage for Sabbath consumption; and nothing is more probable than that the English labourer, robbed of his Sunday pint of beer, would seek redress and consolation in dram-drinking. Any less noxious substitute would be beyond his means. Bottled ale or stout is a luxury far above him, and even Mr. Gladstone's good sound 14s. claret would suit his purse as little as his tastes. And here we have the damning vice of this sort of legislation. It is aimed exclusively against a single section of the community, and that the poorest. To the upper classes, to the middle and trading classes, to all above the toiling millions, it is perfectly immaterial whether public-houses are open or shut on the Sunday. They have their clubs, their well-stocked cellars, or their ever-available domestic tap. To the county and borough magistrates, clergymen, and Dissenting ministers who went on Tuesday last in deputation to the Home-Office in the not unnatural hope of talking over Sir George Grey—to the 103 gentlemen of the House of Commons who voted in Wednesday's minority—to the great majority of the respectable householders who, as it seems, in Liverpool and elsewhere, have been teased by professional canvassers into giving that kind of otiose assent to Mr. Somes's Bill which is dignified by the title of an "expression of opinion"—it would not signify the turn of a straw if the public-houses were shut six days out of seven. Their Sunday dinners are safe in all contingencies; and even if it were not so, the Sunday dinner is very much the same to them as the Monday dinner. It is not to them, what it is to the working man, the one festivity of the week. It is solely and exclusively on the humble customers of the "jug department" of the public round the corner, that Mr. Somes's Bill of pains and penalties would practically press. This single fact is of itself enough to brand all such legislation as unjust, tyrannical, and, let us add, dangerous.

For it may be as well to have it understood on all hands that there is a very real danger in this sort of sectional and class legislation—a danger not the less real because it may perhaps give few premonitory signs of its existence in the form of a counter-agitation. It does so happen, indeed, in this particular case, that there has been a rather considerable counter-agitation, represented, in Birmingham alone, by a petition with 38,000 signatures against the defeated Bill; but, speaking generally, the advocates of prohibition have the field pretty much to themselves in a movement of this kind. They have the zeal and the organization of fanaticism on their side, and they have the ear of "influential" local celebrities. As a rule, the destined victims of a sectarian or philanthropic crotchet will not meet petition by petition, and deputation by deputation, until the threatened invasion of their little rights and comforts becomes visibly and tangibly imminent. They are slow to understand the thing; they do not more than half believe in it; and they altogether fail to realize it until it is close upon them. But when they do begin to realize it, they are apt to speak even more loudly and plainly than is pleasant or desirable. As it seems that Mr. Somes and his friends are not satisfied to accept a first Parliamentary defeat, we recommend them to ask Lord Ebury whether the apparent quiescence of the poorer classes in a project for curtailing their Sunday comforts is to be taken as an augury of the success of the measure. The unlucky author of the notorious Sunday Trading Bill of 1855 might give some very valuable information on this head to the advocates of the Public House Bill of 1863. On that occasion, everything went on quite smoothly up to a certain point. There was scarcely a whisper of opposition, in or out of doors, during the early stages of the measure which was destined to make Lord Robert Grosvenor famous. The second reading passed without a division. The Bill went into Committee, and the principal clauses were affirmed by overwhelming majorities. Nevertheless it failed to reach the statute-book, owing to unavoidable circumstances alike beyond the foresight and the control of its noble author and its many influential patrons. There were certain disagreeable demonstrations in Hyde Park, and one fine Monday afternoon Lord Robert Grosvenor submitted, under protest, to the ignominy of being, as he truly called it, "mobbed and bullied" out of his Bill. Retaining as we do a very lively recollection of three or four exceedingly uncomfortable Sundays which ended in a scandalous triumph of mob violence and intimidation over the Legislature, we devoutly hope that no more such experiments may be tried in our time on the temper of the London populace. At any rate, it is important that all parties should be distinctly aware that all the meetings, and petitions, and deputations with which it is in the power of sectarian busybodyism to overawe and coerce timid politicians, prove nothing, in matters of this sort, as to the real direction and force of popular feeling. It has been found, in one memorable instance, that the factitious "public opinion" of people who think they have a mission for meddling

with other people's innocent enjoyments is not a public opinion which can be safely acted upon by legislators and statesmen; and it may be hoped that a piece of experience which was certainly costly enough will not need to be repeated. Even Sir George Grey, who reminds us that he voted for the introduction of Mr. Somes's mischievous measure by way of compliment to the "motives of those honest and conscientious persons" who were doing a wrong and stupid thing with the best intentions, has the prudence to decline accompanying the honest and conscientious persons a step further. He was more than civil to the philanthropists who waited on him at the Home Office on Tuesday, but he nevertheless shrinks from the responsibility of organizing a new series of Sunday riots.

It would be pleasant to be quite sure that we have heard and seen the last of Mr. Somes and his Bill. Notwithstanding, however, the decisive majority of Wednesday, it is, we fear, more than probable that the promoters of the scheme will try it on, again and again, in future Sessions. Great are the charms of that sort of meddling, fussy agitation which is some people's notion of Christian philanthropy; and a movement which starts with a hundred pledged Parliamentary supporters, which has the good fortune of combining in its favour all the Sabbatarians and all the Teetotalers, and which few politicians have any but unselfish reasons for resisting, may naturally be thought a promising political investment. We can but hope that whenever Parliament is again asked to sanction a cruel and insolent experiment on the patience of the poorer classes—and a perfectly gratuitous experiment, too, for it is not pretended that drunkenness is on the increase among the labouring population—the answer will be as peremptory and explicit a negative as that which was pronounced last Wednesday. Meanwhile, let us be thankful for a reprieve from an unprovoked and mischievous agitation which a very little encouragement might develop into a bitter class feud.

MILITARY AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

THE brief campaign on the Rappahannock is now a thing of the past, and General Hooker may even congratulate himself that he was able to regain his former quarters, although with a beaten and dispirited army. On Tuesday evening, May the 5th, preparations were made for retreat, the hospitals were transferred to the left bank of the Rappahannock, and the trains were hurried along the roads from United States Ford in the direction of Falmouth. At night, on Wednesday the 6th, the troops were marched as quietly as possible to the bridges. The rain fell in torrents, and the storm, together with the precautions which had been taken, prevented the enemy from discovering the retreat until the greater portion of the forces had effected a passage, while the guns posted on the left bank covered the withdrawal of the remainder. It was probably from fatigue and want of a sufficient numerical force that the Confederates forbore to follow up the beaten army. The country, so thickly wooded, is in all ways calculated for defence, and for concealing the movements of troops; whilst a large portion of General Lee's army had been withdrawn from the immediate vicinity of Hooker to show front against General Sedgwick. As a counterpoise to this fearful reverse, the Northerners endeavour to magnify the results of the expedition, or raid, as it is termed, of General Stoneman; and, contrasted with the want of dash which has been shown by the greater number of the Federal Generals, General Stoneman has evinced qualities which show that he is in some ways fitted for command. The troops under his orders consisted of 2,700 men, infantry and cavalry, and 6 pieces of artillery. A few days previously to the advance of General Hooker, the expedition started, crossing the Rappahannock in the direction of Culpepper, and marching apparently with the intention of cutting the railway bridges over the North and South Anna rivers, destroying the James river canal and the rail between Richmond and Gordonsville. These objects appear to have been but partially fulfilled, but it would be unjust not to award praise for the enterprise with which the expedition was conducted, and which would possibly have realized far different results if the grand army under Hooker had proved successful. General Stoneman has, in fact, done what General Stuart thrice accomplished—once on the Chickahominy, a second time at Centreville, and a third time in Pennsylvania, when he rode round the enemy's entire force, capturing and destroying stores in the rear of the main army. The last act of General Stoneman's cavalry appears to have been the attack on Turnstall station, on the Richmond and West Point railroad, where, however, they were repulsed, and forced to retreat down the peninsula, in two columns, to Yorktown and Gloucester Point. General Stoneman knew the country well. He had commanded McClellan's advanced guard during the operations following the siege of Yorktown, until the arrival of the army on the Chickahominy. He had also had the advantage of military training, having been educated at West Point, besides having visited most of the European armies. Still, this slight success can afford but a very small compensation for the grand disaster of the campaign. The loss in killed and wounded on either side will probably never be accurately known; but that of the Federal army is acknowledged to have been about 30,000 in killed, wounded, and missing, whilst the withdrawal of several regiments, consequent on the expiration of the term of their enlistment, swells the total loss to 50,000 men. With good reason may the Federal Government desire the removal of the army from its present useless position, and its concentration in the neighbourhood, and for the defence,

of Washington. As a result of their victory, the Confederates claim 8,000 prisoners and 30 guns, captured from the enemy. But theirs has been a victory bringing sorrow as well as joy; for he to whom, after the Commander-in-Chief, it was mainly owing, lies dead, killed accidentally by the very men whom he had so often led to victory. It will be difficult to replace such a man as General Jackson, and well may General Lee deplore his loss.

Turning from the Rappahannock, we find a force under the Federal Generals Keys and Peck, consisting of 12,000 men, at West Point, on the York River, the scene of a former battle during the advance of General McClellan. This force, however, can do but little. It may possibly cause the Confederates to retire from Williamsburg, but more probably it will itself be forced to retreat on board its transports by troops which can now be liberated from the main Confederate army. General Keys is not an officer who is likely to undertake any very bold enterprise. In Western Virginia, the Confederate arms have proved successful. An expedition directed against the Baltimore and Ohio rail, towards the end of last April, attacked and captured four companies of militia at Morgantown, near the Pennsylvania frontier, and then, proceeding onwards, defeated another Federal detachment and burnt the bridge over the Monongavelli river. Even the towns of Wheeling and Pittsburg were felt to be insecure, and 8,000 men were, on receipt of the news, at once despatched from Washington, their places being supplied from the troops stationed at Baltimore. The expedition consisted of 800 cavalry, supported by an infantry force under General Imboden, and accomplished more than the mere capture of prisoners and stores, as it succeeded in severing the direct communications between the Eastern and Western States, by burning the bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio railway. In Tennessee, matters at present are comparatively quiet. The Cumberland river has fallen four feet, and, should it continue to fall, will be nearly useless as a means of supply for the troops in Nashville. General Bragg and General Rosecrans still occupy the relative positions they have so long held, and neither appears anxious to try the chances of attack. It is reported that an invasion of Kentucky is again threatened, and that the Confederates have crossed the Cumberland river near Jamestown. Their movements have a more direct political than military significance, as a Confederate force in Kentucky may possibly form a nucleus round which the dissentients from General Burnside's rule will rally. Raids on either side are reported, but no operations which would materially affect the campaign have taken place. These frequent raids, unless conducted by honourable men, must prove a terrible scourge to the peaceful inhabitants. What could be worse than the conduct of the troops during the expedition of the Federals up Steel's Bayou, in Mississippi? War was made on private property, not only without the check, but apparently even with the concurrence and encouragement, of the officers commanding. In two places the Federal cavalry seem to have penetrated far into the interior of the Confederate States. General Beaufort, it is reported, has made a raid through the Alleghany mountains, whilst the Federal Colonel Straight has, according to Southern accounts, been captured with one thousand six hundred cavalry at Rome in Northern Georgia.

Passing onwards farther West, we find that operations of some moment, but the accounts of which are confused, are taking place on the Mississippi in the neighbourhood of Vicksburg. It seems that two fleets of gunboats and transports have attempted to pass the batteries at Vicksburg—the first about the 16th of April, consisting of six gunboats and three transports, which succeeded in its object with the loss of one transport, viz. the *Henry Clay*, which was burnt. The second, on the 23rd of the same month, was more unfortunate, four transports having been sunk. On the 24th of April, the army under the command of General Grant received orders to march for its old camping-ground at Milliken's Bend, and to cross the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, through which the abortive attempt had been made to cut the canal. Having thus attained a position below Vicksburg, Grant crossed the river, and, assisted by the combined fleets of Admirals Farragut and Porter, assailed the Confederate position at Grand Gulf, on the mouth of the Big Black River, where it joins the Mississippi. General Grant appears to have met with but slight resistance; and after a bombardment from the gunboats, he succeeded in capturing the place without having had recourse to his land forces. The events which follow the capture of Grand Gulf are still involved in obscurity. The truth seems to be, that General Grant fought an action at a place below, but not far from, Grand Gulf, viz. Port Gibson; that he then advanced on Jackson and the railway to Vicksburg, and that he succeeded in occupying Jackson on the 14th of May. Not content with doing so, he is reported to have burnt the city—apparently a wanton piece of destruction un sanctioned by the rules of war, as Jackson is open and undefended. From thence he marched on Vicksburg in the direction of Haines Bluff on the Yazoo river, and the latest accounts say that a battle was being fought, the result of which is unknown. General Grant is opposed by the Confederate General Pemberton, and even General Johnston, the Commander-in-Chief of the West, is reported to be present. If the Confederates resolve to hold Vicksburg, and are not forced to abandon the place in order to strengthen their armies in Tennessee, there is nothing in General Grant's operations which must necessarily lead to its immediate fall. He has only as yet effected the commencement of a siege, viz. the investment of the place. His own communications are insecure, lying as he does between the vast

entrenched camp, as it may be called, of Vicksburg, and a country in which the enemy may, by means of railways, concentrate his forces. The guns of Port Hudson and Vicksburg still partially command the upper and lower stream; and the Confederates are organizing a campaign in Arkansas and Missouri which may possibly influence the navigation of the upper river. General Stirling Price, a man possessing the confidence of his troops, is at Little Rock, Arkansas, making preparations for an advance into Missouri; and one of his subordinate Generals has been able to push a reconnaissance to Cape Girardeau, only one hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis, and on his retreat, to have successfully engaged a Federal force on the St. Francis river on the borders of Arkansas and Missouri. The presence of these troops will encourage the Secession feelings which are prevalent in Lower Missouri; and the capture and occupation of posts on the Upper Mississippi must influence the operations of armies which depend on supplies from the Western cities and depôts.

In Louisiana, General Banks has been singularly successful in his operations, although supplied with a force small in comparison with the vast armies assembled in other quarters, and looked on with jealousy by his own Government in consequence of his political opinions. He has advanced from New Orleans, fought a successful action on the 17th of April at Vermilion Bayou, in the Bayou Teche country, and has occupied Opelousas. His force consists of the two divisions of Generals Grover and Pomeroy, and a brigade of General Weitzel, numbering from sixteen to twenty thousand men. He has opened a communication with the Mississippi above Port Hudson, by means of the rail which connects Opelousas with St. Francisville, on that river. Still his position is one of danger. He is upwards of a hundred miles from New Orleans, in a country where every man, woman, and child is his enemy; and the lesson which was taught him in the Shenandoah Valley a year ago may possibly be repeated in Louisiana. His opponents in Louisiana are the Confederate Generals Sibley and Kirby Smith; and Prince Polignac, a French officer, has also received the command of a brigade. Passing northwards up the coast to South Carolina, we find threats of a renewed attack on Charleston. The gunboats are indeed said to have left Port Royal for North Edisto Inlet, the place of rendezvous, and a certain stress seems to be laid on the occupation by General Hunter of Folly, Seabrook, and Cole's islands, which lie north of Edisto Inlet. It is, however, difficult to believe that another attack will be made on Charleston after the late reverse, when no addition has been made either to the naval or military forces.

More important, however, to the military operations of the North than the partial failure of expeditions, is the demoralization which seems spreading in the ranks of the Federal army. Men appear to have lost every incentive to fight. Patriotism, as the term is used in the Northern States, means adherence to a Government which is despised by a large portion of the people. Little or no *esprit de corps* can exist where valour and good conduct are left unrewarded, and where political interest affords a far higher claim for promotion than military qualities. The men who fight well are killed and forgotten—those who absent themselves from the army and help to influence the elections receive rewards. The generals who have gained the respect of the troops are left in obscurity, and those men alone are employed who are willing to execute the commands of a Government which rules for the benefit of its own members, and not for the interests of the country. Among the Federal volunteers, military service is a bargain as much as any commercial business; and it is considered no disgrace for regiments to abandon their comrades and their general, not only within sound of the guns, but even when in actual contact with the enemy. With an army in such a condition, can favourable results be expected?

THE LAST OF THE ANNUALS.

ONE of the happiest symptoms of our present political condition is the decrease of the "Annals" in the House of Commons. There was a time when systematic boring was the recognised path to fame. It used to be considered a regular stage in a member's career to connect his name with some cause that commanded the support of an ardent minority, and to make his reputation in the House by his persistent efforts to weary it into acquiescence. The system was undoubtedly perpetuated by its frequent success. It was incident to that phase in our history when the certain triumph of persevering agitation was accepted, even by great statesmen, as a political axiom. The idea of adhering to a position that had been once taken up, in spite of the assaults of zealous innovators, was looked upon as either stupid or Utopian. A few leading cases, such as Reform, Free Trade, and one or two others, where change was justified by great abuses, were expanded into a general law, that whatever a knot of politicians, animated by "singleness of purpose," loudly claimed, they were sure to get. So widely did this strange generalization prevail that it took the heart out of all resistance. Men took little trouble to inquire whether the Annals were right or wrong. The mere fact of their constant recurrence was in itself a source of prestige. Few people ever believed abstractedly in the necessity of altering the Marriage-law to accommodate widowers and deceased wives' sisters, or of totally abolishing Church-rates, or of undermining the principle of descent by primogeniture. But, apart from any intrinsic value, the idea that what

was urged often must at last succeed contributed of itself to their prospects of success. The notion was one of the prophecies that work their own fulfilment. It drew upon their side the large class of members who desire that every tiresome question may "be settled." If ultimate resistance was hopeless, intermediate conflict was a nuisance for which a mere respite was no adequate compensation.

All this has been changed by the signal failure of the Reform agitation. The inevitable has disappeared from English politics. Movements which in themselves are distasteful to the House of Commons no longer grow by virtue of the despair which is inspired by the pertinacity of their supporters. The result is, that pertinacity has lost much of its Parliamentary value; and the promoters of Annuals have descended from the kind of rank which, as humble imitators of Mr. Villiers, they once possessed. Formerly, they used to inspire a certain kind of terror, as zealots whose earnestness gave them the promise of the future. They might be unpopular with those who were driven by them against conscience and better judgment into their lobby; but it was the dislike, not of contempt, but of fear. Now, they are looked upon as unmitigated bores. The consequence is, that all the more respectable members have abandoned a vocation that was once so eagerly sought. Those who had the misfortune to be already connected with some "Annual" of old standing have seized the first pretext for releasing themselves from their tin-kettle, and leaving it in the mud behind them. Mr. Monckton Milnes has divested himself of the honour of acting as advocate of the women whose passions have led them to break the marriage law. Mr. Locke King appears to have definitively renounced the projects for the equalization of the suffrage, and the equal distribution of property, which have long been associated with his name. It is said that even Sir John Trelawny is tired of the kind of fame which is conferred by a championship of the Liberation Society, and that Sir Morton Peto's proposal for setting Churchmen and Dissenters by the ears will not be renewed. Even the Ballot hangs fire. It would seem as if the pig-headedness of religious fanaticism was the only motive power capable of overcoming the depressing circumstances of the time. If public feeling moves much further in its present direction, Maynooth will soon be the only one of the old Annuals left. If such should be its fate, it and its chief promoter, Mr. Whalley, will acquire a position in the minds of philosophic politicians which they never occupied before. There is always something that inspires a melancholy interest in the last of an expiring line. Historians love to linger over Charles II. of Spain, the last of the proud Spanish Hapsburgs, little as he intrinsically deserves their notice. They take pleasure in dwelling upon his eccentric ways, his contemptible presence, his mental infirmities, and the superstition which occupied the place of a religion in his soul. So the Maynooth motion, despised during the day of its temporary power, may receive from the historian an attention which it seeks in vain from the politicians of the day. As the latest surviving Annual, it may figure in the pages of some future Erskine May, as a specimen of a race of projects which once domineered over and cowed the House of Commons. As the last of a long line of heroes, Mr. Whalley, like Charles of Spain, may be an historical celebrity yet.

Historical relics, however, if they are to be admired, should be kept in a museum. They are scarcely likely to receive the full appreciation that is their due, so long as they are allowed to take up the time of a deliberative assembly. The Maynooth question in the House of Commons is almost as much out of place as a mummy in a drawing-room. The House displayed no eagerness on Tuesday to welcome the remains of its departed friend, though embalmed in the savoury eloquence of Mr. Whalley. On former occasions, his rising has been received with a genial and jubilant hilarity, similar to that which used to greet the clown and Mr. Widdicombe, as they entered to commence their nightly war of wit in Astley's ring. But Maynooth and Mr. Whalley have passed even this stage. They are not even worth laughing at. The joke has become too stale. There was something ridiculous at first in the conception of a world-wide conspiracy, which was to overthrow the liberties of the most powerful nations, but which was unable to retain its hold upon the Government of a petty Italian province. But it is impossible to laugh at the same joke for ever. The best comic song sounds very flat when it has been encored. Even Mr. Whalley palls upon the sense of the ridiculous after a time. He was more than usually extravagant in the imputations which he made against the Roman Catholics, but he could only extract from his bitterest antagonists a languid and perfunctory hooting. There was but one feeling which the House displayed demonstratively and unmistakably, and that was, a desire to go to a division. Mr. Newdegate understated the case when he said that there was an anxiety to stifle the debate. The predominant feeling in the House evidently was an anxiety to stifle the debaters.

The House was right. The case does not need or admit of re-arguing now. Those whose vanity or dogged bigotry leads them to reopen a question that was once so fertile in acrimonious controversy cannot claim to be answered now except by a bare appeal to numbers. Time was when the Orange demon was powerful enough to exact the homage of elaborate argument and formal invective. As far as those classes of society are concerned among whom argument has any weight, this state of things has completely passed away. There are still, unfortunately, large masses of people, even in England, who are animated by the

old spirit. But they are beyond the reach of argument. Their consciences are too well padded with Protestant interpretations of prophecy to be accessible to the ordinary weapons of morality and logic. But in Parliament they are weak enough to be treated with the contempt which politicians only dare to pour upon unsuccessful error. The more contempt, therefore, the better. It will at least prevent any undue importance from being attached to the proceedings of fanatics upon whom the honour of a Parliamentary report confers a factitious eminence. The more the House of Commons despises the movement, the more, it is to be hoped, the Irish people will despise it too.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER in his Ninth Lecture treated of Metaphor as an important element in the formation of words. He stated that no philosopher had more clearly perceived the importance of language in all the operations of the human mind than Locke, and he quoted several passages from his great work on the *Human Understanding* bearing on this subject. Still, Locke seems never to have clearly perceived that general ideas and words are inseparable, and that the one cannot exist without the other. He simply adopted the received opinion that, early in the history of the world, men had collected a store of anonymous general ideas, to which, when social intercourse began, they affixed, from time to time, those phonetic labels which we now call words. The age of Locke was eminently a period of deductive reasoning. The philosophers of the eighteenth century were satisfied with building up theories of how language might have sprung into life, how religion might have been revealed, how mythology might have been put together for instruction, amusement, or fraud. It is, indeed, only gradually that, even now, such systems are giving way before what Professor Müller styled the historical school of the nineteenth century. That school endeavours to find out, from the scattered fragments that have been left to us of the early thoughts and works of the human race, and particularly from language, the most ancient burial-place of thought, how religious, mythological, moral, and philosophical ideas first dawned, and rose, and spread. Its chief object is to collect facts—facts which are often fragmentary, and which lead to inductions which are incomplete and obscure, and frequently opposed to many of our received ideas. Still, from the ruins of Egypt, from the sacred writings of the Jews, the Brahmins, the Zoroastrians, from the epic poems of the Greeks and the Fins, from mythological and legendary stories scattered all over the world, but most of all from language itself, some incontrovertible facts have been established which must prevent the study of the antiquity of man, and the paleontology of the human mind, from ever again becoming the playground of mere theorists, however bold and brilliant. But, in spite of the defects in their works, there are many points connected with the later growth of language which are treated by Locke and Horne Tooke with a clearness unrivalled even by their eminent successors. It was Locke who first clearly showed that all words expressive of immaterial conceptions are derived by metaphor from words expressive of sensible ideas—that all abstract words had originally a material meaning. This is certainly above all doubt. Such words as *spiritus*, *animus*, to imagine, to instil, to disgust, come from words meaning breath, air, to make pictures, to pour in, to create a bad taste. Victor Cousin tried to disprove this, and gave the words *je* and *être* as words of purely intellectual origin. Now, though *je* is a word of doubtful etymology, it is known to be the same as the Sanskrit *aham*. The etymology of *aham* again is obscure, but no one can doubt its derivation either from a predicative root, such as *ah*, to breathe, or from a demonstrative root, such as *gha*, this. *Être* is the Latin *esse*, which again is derived from the root *as*—the root which in all the Aryan dialects has furnished the auxiliary verb, to be; and though it is true that even in Sanskrit the root *as* has lost its material character, and means only to be, yet there is a derivative of *as*, *asu*, which means the vital breath, and which discloses the original meaning of *as*, namely, to breathe. Without metaphor, language could never have progressed beyond the simplest rudiments. Metaphor is the transferring of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to some other object, which strikes the mind as in some way sharing in some of the peculiarities of the first object. The Lecturer then pointed out that what Locke thought to be a peculiarity of certain words must in reality have been a peculiarity of a whole period in the early history of man. Every root yet discovered had once a material meaning. We never meet with roots expressive of states or actions that are not cognisable by the senses. With such material roots we might have named the sun, moon, and stars, gold, and silver, by calling them bright. We could have spoken of the grass and the child as growing—of the evening and of an old man as fading. But even here, though we keep within the sphere of sensuous observation, we begin to speak metaphorically. We can see, indeed, the fading away of the day or the body; still there is no special root for each of these processes, and they have to be expressed by applying to them metaphorically a root which meant "to wear by actual rubbing off." This Professor Max Müller termed *radical metaphor*; and he carefully distinguished it from another kind, *nominal and verbal metaphor*, where a word ready-made and assigned to a definite object is transferred to another object—as, for instance, when the rays of the sun are called the fingers of the sun, or the clouds are called mountains. There was a time in the history of our race

when all thoughts beyond the narrow limits of every-day life had to be expressed by these metaphors—when these metaphors were felt and understood, and were not, as they now are, mere conventional expressions. Many objects, in themselves very distinct, would thus receive the same name, and become homonymous; and, on the other hand, the same object would receive many names, according to the different impressions it made on different beholders, and thus become polyonymous. To the whole of this period the Lecturer applied the name of Mythic or Mythological, and showed how much that has hitherto been a puzzle in the origin of myths becomes clear if considered in connexion with the phases through which language at one time or other had necessarily to pass. The principal myths that were explained and traced back to their original conceptions were those of the Great Bear, of One-handed Tyr, of Selene and Endymion, of Orpheus and Eurydice, and of *La Tour sans venin*.

In his Tenth Lecture, Professor Max Müller dwelt on the broad difference between the mythology and the religion of the ancient nations of the world. Though mythology has encroached on ancient religion, and has at times choked its very life, yet, through the rank and poisonous vegetation of mythic phraseology, we may always catch a glimpse of the original stem round which it creeps, and without which it could not enjoy even that parasitical existence which has generally been mistaken for independent vitality. A mythological religion presupposes a healthy religion, and before the Greeks could call Jupiter and Apollo gods, they must have had an idea of the Godhead which they predicated of Jupiter and Apollo. A number of passages were given from Homer in which the religious sentiment of the Greeks manifested itself without any mythological alloy. The cause why these passages had been overlooked was shown to lie in the antagonism in which Christianity and Paganism were placed during the first centuries of our era. It was impossible for the Fathers of the Church to admit any compromise between absolute truth and absolute falsehood. They could not or would not see what was good, true, and sacred in the ancient forms of worship, while they saw all that was bad, false, and corrupt in the darkest light. Only the Apostles themselves felt and spoke in a different spirit of the times of ignorance at which God winked, and it is in that spirit that we ought to study the ancient religions—not as the work of an evil spirit, not even as mere human fancy, but as a preparation, as a necessary part in the education of the human race, as a seeking the Lord if haply they might feel after Him. The history of religion is in one sense a history of language—an account of the various attempts at expressing the inexpressible. As missionaries have to educate their savage pupils before they can approach their minds in the language of Christianity, the great nations of the earth had to pass through the same discipline. There was an appointed fulness of time both for Jews and for Gentiles. The two great streams of mankind, the Jewish and the Gentile, the Semitic and the Aryan, had to reach their appointed measure before they could overflow, and mingle together, and both be carried on by a new current, “the well of water springing up unto everlasting life.”

The Lecturer then proceeded to give the history of the most important name in Aryan religion—the name of Jupiter. He showed that the expression for the highest Deity was originally the same among the Hindus, the Greeks, the Romans, and Teutonic tribes. It was *Dyu* in Sanskrit, nom. *Dyaus*, *Zwē* in Greek, *Jupiter* in Latin, *Tiv* in German, as preserved in Tuesday. This word meant originally bright, and was used in Sanskrit to signify sky, day, and the Supreme Deity. In the later Indian mythology the place of *Dyu* was taken by *Indra*, but fragments of ancient poetry are preserved in the Veda, clearly showing that *Dyu* once occupied the first place among the gods in India also. In Greek *Zwē* was used for the sky, but it was likewise used to express the highest object of the *sensus numinis*, and several passages were quoted from Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Pindar, in which Zeus is simply the name of the Godhead. The Greek Zeus, however, is full of contradictions. He is the subject of mythological tales and the object of religious adoration; he is omniscient, yet he is cheated; he is omnipotent, and yet defied; he is eternal, yet he has a father; he is just, yet he is guilty of crime. These contradictions ought to teach us a lesson. If all the conceptions of Zeus had sprung from one and the same source, these contradictions could not have existed. If Zeus had simply meant God, the supreme God, he could not have been the son of Kronos, or the father of Minos. If, on the other hand, Zeus had been a merely mythological personage, such as Eos, the Dawn, or Helios, the Sun, he would never have been addressed as the Father of gods and men. The Greeks, however, were not aware that there were different tributaries which entered from different points into the central idea of Zeus. To them Zeus conveyed but one idea, and the contradictions between the divine and the natural elements in his character were allured over by all but the few who thought for themselves, and who knew, with Socrates, that no legend, no sacred myth can be true that reflects discredit on a Divine being. For good and for evil, the sky and the God are wedded together in the Greek mind under the name of Zeus, language triumphing over thought, tradition over religion, till at last the contradictions between the religious instinct and the effete religious phraseology of the Aryan races could be tolerated no longer, and the worship of *Dyu*, Zeus, Jupiter, and *Tiv* had to give way before a new light, a new life, and a new language.

The Last Lecture was devoted to Modern Mythology—a term which the Lecturer used in a very wide sense, so as to comprise

every case in which language assumes an independent power, and reacts on the mind, instead of being, as it was intended to be, the mere realization and outward embodiment of the mind. Language, though it no longer creates gods and heroes, calls into life many a name that receives a similar worship. Words such as “nature, law, freedom, necessity, body, substance, matter, the finite and the infinite, knowledge, belief, revelation, and inspiration,” are tossed about in the wars of words as if everybody knew what they meant, and accepted them in the same sense; whereas most people pick up these words as children, adding to their meaning at haphazard, but never realizing the fulness of their meaning according to the strict rules of historical or logical definition. The first cases of popular mythology which were examined were those which arise from phonetic decay—different words assuming one and the same form, and the etymological instinct of the people supplying the reason why things apparently so different from each other should be called by the same name. The Lecturer alluded to the sign-boards of inns, such as the Plum and Feathers (originally the Plume of Feathers, or the Prince of Wales), the Cat and Wheel (St. Catherine's Wheel), the Bull and Gate (the Boulogne Gate); to the names of ships, such as the Iron Devil (*La Hirondelle*), the Billy Ruffian (*Bellerophon*); the names of flowers, such as the Rose of the Quarter Sessions (*Rose des quatre saisons*). He then entered more fully into the origin of the different stories about the Barnacle goose. He quoted from the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1678 a full account by Sir Robert Morray, who declared that he had seen within the barnacle shell, as through a concave or diminishing glass, the bill, eyes, head, neck, breast, wings, tail, feet, and feathers of the barnacle goose. The next witness was John Gerarde, Master in Chirurgie, who, in 1597, declared that he had seen the actual metamorphosis of the muscle into the bird, describing how—

The shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the fowls leg or string; next come the leg of the birde hanging out, and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill, and falleth into the sea, when it gathereth feathers and groweth to a foule, bigger than a mallart; for the truth hereof, if any doubt, may it please them to repair unto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonies of good witnesses.

As far back as the thirteenth century, the same story was traced in the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis. This great divine does not deny the truth of the miraculous origin of the barnacle geese, but he warns the Irish priests against dining off them during Lent on the plea that they were not flesh, but fish. For, he writes, “If a man during Lent were to dine off a leg of Adam, who was not born of flesh either, we should not consider him innocent of having eaten what is flesh.” This modern myth, which, in spite of the protests of such men as Albertus Magnus, Æneas Sylvius, and others, maintained its ground for many centuries, and was defended, as late as 1629, in a book by Count Maier *De volucris arborea*, with arguments, physical, metaphysical, and theological, owed its origin to a play of words. The muscle shells were called *Bernacule* from the Latin *perna*, the mediæval Latin *berna*; the birds were called *Hibernica* or *Hibernicula*, abbreviated to *Bernicula*. As their names seemed one, the creatures were supposed to be one, and everything conspired to confirm the first mistake, and to invest what was originally a good Irish story—a mere *canard*—with all the dignity of scientific, and all the solemnity of theological truth. The myth continued to live until the age of Newton. Specimens of *Lepadida*, prepared by Professor Rolleston of Oxford, were exhibited to show how the outward appearance of the *Anatifa* could have supported the popular superstition which derived the *Bernicula*, the goose, from the *Bernicula*, the shell.

Professor Max Müller then examined shortly the origin of some mediæval legends, such as the legend of St. Christopher, of St. Ignatius Theophorus, which owed their origin entirely to the misapprehension of a name. The story of the talking crucifix of Bonaventura was traced back to the saying of Bonaventura that it was the image which dictated all his works to him. The legends of saints fighting with dragons were explained as allegorical representations of their struggles with sin. St. Patrick, driving away every poisonous creature from Ireland, was explained as a missionary who had successfully driven out the venomous brood of heresy and idolatry; and the belief in martyrs walking about after their execution with their heads in their arms, was traced back to sculptures in which martyrs, executed by the sword, were so represented. The last case of modern mythology which the Lecturer examined was when an abstract term, expressive of a quality, or of a mode of existence, is raised into a substantial, real, and personal being. This tendency, which in ancient times led to the creation of gods and goddesses, such as Virtue and Peace, and to a belief in beings such as Kronos, Time, Eos, Dawn, Demeter, Earth, produces in our own times conceptions of a similar character, such as Nature, Force, Atoms, Imponderable substances, Ether, &c., which receive a passing worship in the successive schools of philosophy, and are at the bottom of most of the controversies which occupy the thoughts of each generation. There is a mortal and decaying element in language which cannot be eliminated, and the effects of the disorder to which the Lecturer assigned the name of Mythology may be traced at all times. The science of language has to work out the pathology of human speech; and by carefully tracing the original nature of each word, and following up its history, its changes of form and meaning in the schools of philosophy, or in the senate and the marketplace, it may devise a wholesome mental diet, and diminish, though it cannot suppress, the ravages of the mythological disease.

THE CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

THE appearance of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Ascot on the Cup Day was favoured by beautiful weather and welcomed by a larger crowd than ever collected on the Stand and heath before. This auspicious day will be also marked in the annals of the Turf as having given occasion to perhaps the finest race that has been seen since The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur ran their match at York. It would have been impossible to imagine any spectacle of the kind more impressive than the contest between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler for the Ascot Cup. Buckstone is a son of Voltigeur, and the name of Tim Whiffler's sire, Van Galen, intimates his relationship to The Dutchman. The victory of the son of Voltigeur carries no dishonour to the vanquished, for nobody who saw Tim Whiffler struggling with unflinching gameness under hopeless difficulty will ever forget or cease to hold in honour the indomitable resolution which he displayed. After the dead-heat in which the race for the Cup resulted, these two competitors for the splendid prize parted upon equal terms. Both had done about all they could do, and both felt severely the effect of what they had done. But, after the deciding heat, Tim Whiffler was utterly exhausted, while Buckstone had won with tolerable ease and remained comparatively fresh. Tim Whiffler as he passed the Stand, yielding after many victories to inevitable defeat, and, although he had no chance at all left of winning, still striving to answer the calls made upon him by his jockey with his old unflagging vigour, was a melancholy but, nevertheless, a noble sight. It is strange that since last season he has lost a portion of his prowess and of his fame, and also the hand which guided him to the position of the first horse upon the Turf. Bullock, who rode Tim Whiffler at Ascot a year ago, and afterwards at Goodwood and Doncaster, has died when his professional character and opportunities were at the highest point, and has thus escaped being associated with the great reverse which has broken an almost unexampled series of triumphs. Tim Whiffler won last year the Chester Cup, for which Doyle rode him; he won the Gold Vase at Ascot, beating Asteroid; he won at the same meeting the Royal Stand Plate; he won the Goodwood Cup, galloping away easily from everything in the field; he won the Private Stand Plate at Doncaster, beating Asteroid again and completely; and he won the Doncaster Cup next day, carrying 4 lbs. more than Buckstone, and beating him with as much facility, although not by so great a distance, as he had beaten Asteroid. In all these victories, except that of Chester, the name of Bullock is joined with his. His companion in adversity at Ascot was that experienced jockey Rogers, who doubtless did all that could be done to arrest the turning tide of fortune, and did one thing which probably was never done to Tim Whiffler before, viz. used the whip vigorously between the distance and the winning-post. Rogers of course was bound to try everything to win; but it may be said with confidence that Tim Whiffler will struggle long after he is beaten, and to the very last step of the race, out of his own innate love of contest and of victory.

It was known beforehand that only a small number of horses would be stripped for the great race which was to be run before the Prince and Princess of Wales. The terrible dryness and hardness of the course naturally deterred owners from risking their horses upon it without some special ground for hope of success. It was said that this reason operated to induce the owner of The Marquis to reserve him for some more favourable chance. The good judgment which usually directs the movements of the Whitewall stable was shown in keeping The Marquis at home; for if he had appeared it is scarcely possible that he could have escaped being beaten by Buckstone and Tim Whiffler. The weights for the Ascot Cup are rather favourable to a three-year-old; but no good one was forthcoming. Ranger, the winner of the Great Prize at Paris on Sunday last, had been talked of, but the error of asking too much of a horse was in his case avoided—an error which it may be remarked, by the way, was not avoided when Lord Clifden was exposed to almost certain defeat at Paris by making him run there so soon after his severe work at Epsom. The only three-year-old started for the Ascot Cup was Eleanor, who was employed, apparently without a shadow of occasion, to make running for her stable-companion Tim Whiffler. It was understood that Buckstone was in good form, but his grand appearance surpassed expectation. Comparing Buckstone and Tim Whiffler respectively with what they were at Doncaster last September, it was evident that Buckstone had been growing and improving all the winter, but Tim Whiffler had not made such good use of his time. It had been stated beforehand by well-informed persons that Tim Whiffler had not developed as a four-year-old should do; and it is to be feared that the vast quantity of hard work which he did with alacrity last year may have affected his constitution, although it has in no degree subdued his spirit, nor rendered his sense of the *certaminis gaudium* at all dull. Buckstone also, it must be remembered, did during last year a good deal of that hardest sort of work, viz. the unrewarded. He ran well, and was beaten in the Derby by Caracacus and The Marquis. He ran better, but was again beaten in the St. Leger by The Marquis. Two days afterwards, when, doubtless, he was far from fresh, he was beaten for the Doncaster Cup by Tim Whiffler. After these struggles and disappointments the confidence which Mr. Merry originally felt and always maintained in his horse has been justified by his reaching the highest position of his year. Buckstone a year ago had evidently the frame of an improving horse. He has size and power for carrying weight, and has also plenty of speed

and endurance. He was ridden on this occasion by Edwards, who shared his last defeat for the Cup at Doncaster. Attention was so much directed to the two principal performers of the day that there was some danger of forgetting Caller Ou, who, nevertheless, has done a thing or two to be remembered. She looked like nothing but herself, but like herself at her best, and she had upon her back Challoner, who showed her how to snatch the St. Leger from the gallant Kettledrum. Caller Ou has now run with various fortune upon many courses, and must have got to know pretty nearly all about the game. She has done some surprising things, and may yet do more, but it was not in her at this time to bring Tim Whiffler to close action. There was another mare besides Caller Ou, viz. Hurricane, who, in less select company, would claim and repay attention. Hurricane won the One Thousand Guineas last year; she ran third for the Oaks, and she afterwards beat Feu-de-Joie, the winner of the Oaks, in a match at Newmarket. She is a much more handsome mare to look at than Caller Ou; she came to the post in the finest possible condition, and she had on her back Aldcroft, who won the Oaks the other day in the same colours, by one of the best examples of his admirable horsemanship. There was, besides Tim Whiffler's pilot Eleanor, one other starter for this race, viz. Carisbrook, who distinguished himself particularly at Ascot a year ago.

The materials for the spectacle, although small in quantity, were of quality to render it magnificent. A dead-heat in one of the great races occurs rarely, and is still more rarely followed by a deciding heat. At Doncaster, in 1861, Kettledrum ran a dead-heat with Brown Duchess for the Cup two days after Caller Ou beat him for the St. Leger; but further hostilities were obviated by agreement not, indeed, to divide the Cup, which was impossible, but that one owner should take the Cup and the other the stakes, which usually go along with it. If ever there was an occasion on which prudence might be considered the better part of valour, it was after such a race as had been run over such ground as that at Ascot. But, on the other hand, the Ascot Cup is a splendid and much-coveted prize, and on this occasion its value would be enhanced by the presence of illustrious visitors to see it won. Besides, how could Tim Whiffler's owner be content unless the Ascot Cup went the same way as the other chief cups of last year; and how could Buckstone's owner renounce the hope of his winning a great race just when he appeared fitter than he had ever been before for winning one? It was known that Buckstone was stout enough to bear this double trial, and it might be believed that Tim Whiffler's speed, even when his strength began to fail, would still suffice for it. The truth is, however, that Buckstone's larger and stouter frame enabled him to carry weight over a long and severe course better than Tim Whiffler. Buckstone's legs are a trifle longer than might be desired either for beauty or utility, but then his short back is admirably calculated to climb a hill. On the other hand, Tim Whiffler's rather high action going up hill indicated that he was overweighted. Although he has a beautiful head and neck, Tim Whiffler would be on the whole a plain-looking horse if the observer did not forget his shape in admiration of his pluck. His body has not grown like Buckstone's, but the fire of his spirit has not languished. It was almost an insult to him to send another horse to help him in making running. Eleanor, it is true, did her best, and kept considerably before Tim Whiffler, while Tim could not help being before everything else. When Eleanor had done all she could and dropped away, Tim succeeded to her place. But as the horses neared the turn into the straight, Buckstone, who was ridden with great judgment, drew close up to him. The struggle which began opposite the commencement of the Stand, and ended with the winning-post, was such as is seldom seen. Caller Ou was pulled up beaten near about the place where Buckstone and Tim Whiffler closed. Hurricane ran on behind the pair and got placed third, but she was not near enough to have anything to do with the final struggle. After horses and riders had done all they could do, and first one and then, at the next moment, the other had seemed to gain the smallest trifle of advantage, the result was left in the minds of observers doubtful, and the judge being equally unable to see a difference, this grand race ended in a dead-heat.

It was soon known that compromise was inadmissible, and after the last race of the programme, the two valiant champions prepared to renew their strife. Tim Whiffler took the lead at starting and kept it nearly all the way. Probably so long as Tim can run at all he can run fast, and therefore the pace was intended not so much to distress Buckstone as to suit him. If the intention was to cut down Buckstone it was disappointed, for Buckstone came out at the end of the race full of running, and won easily. Tim Whiffler finishing this second heat with his tail working like a pump-handle up and down—that last undeniable proof that a horse is utterly exhausted—was a sight never to be forgotten, and never to be mentioned without applause. After many victories he has met defeat; but when in future years the historian of the Turf looks back upon his whole career, he will declare that one of his most glorious days was that which saw him beaten for the Ascot Cup.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Fourth Notice.)

NO one seems satisfied with the present position of English portraiture. Year by year we have the complaint, regular as May itself, that the Exhibition walls are crowded with huge

figures of people about whom we know nothing, by artists about whom we care nothing. The popular cry on the subject was taken up the other day by the *Times*, which, after describing this branch of the art in general terms as a system of manufacture, proceeded at once, like the Prophet of the Old Testament (whilst omitting the two most notable works in the review of the portraits), to bestow its best blessing on several of the most conspicuous manufacturers. Various reasons have been given to account for this unsatisfactory state of things; and the cause why the effigies of our contemporaries do not strike or please us so much as the portraits of people long since dead or forgotten, by Titian, Velasquez, or Gainsborough, has been sought in the commonplaceness or the inartistic quality of modern dress, or even in the commonplaceness of the faces which (it has been alleged) are chosen, we presume by some misdirected principle of "natural selection," for the express purpose of portraiture. It cannot but suggest itself that a much simpler reason, which the critic must not veil in silence, may be nearer the truth; and that, if heads by the "manufacturers" of the day do not please like those of great artists, it is to the palette, not to the dress or features, that we should look for the element of inferiority.

It is not difficult to suggest some cause for the confessed inferiority; and although we cannot expect that the steady production of a low type of portrait will be checked by any discussion, yet the circumstances in which it arises may lead to a more lenient judgment on the art than many of the pictures themselves would seem to justify. The demand for likenesses is immense. But this demand does not conform to the common laws of human production, and call forth an adequate supply to meet it. For genius is one of those elements which are classed, in political economy, as limited. Like land, it cannot be increased at our liking. Cultivated it may be, but it may also be overcropped. And the truth is, that nothing but first-rate genius will produce true or excellent portraiture; and first-rate genius is probably as rare, or hardly less rare, here, than it is in other branches of art. Nothing can be more false than the notion which, from their number, we conclude, is almost as common amongst portrait-painters as amongst sitters—that imagination and invention are not required for the work. On the contrary, portraiture, in the necessary limitations of the effect, resembles sculpture in calling for the most intense and concentrated force of the imaginative faculty. Any clever sketcher may catch enough likeness to be recognisable; for any man who can draw and colour at all can produce a face more like the sitter's than anybody's else, as we constantly see at fairs and in the public houses. But this must not be mistaken for portraiture, in the high essential sense of the word. In this, not only should we have severity of design and beauty of colour, but the likeness, in common with those which are drawn in words by the great masters of the craft, must be one that, in some mysterious way, gives not only the man as he may look in common life, when he comes into the room or stands by his hunter, but the whole substance of his character, the "form and pressure" of his mind, so far as these inner features are stamped on the outward. We have seen portraits executed thus, and so admirably that hardly the most intimate friends could remember the presence of that one comprehensive look which the artist had divined, but which really embraced the man in his whole individuality. In these cases, comparison was possible between the picture, or the bust, and the original. But so wonderful are the powers of genius that every one may remember portraits which left on him the irresistible impression of similar verisimilitude and depth of representation. A head by Titian, exhibited by Lord Elcho a few years since in Pall Mall, and the Andrea del Sarto, lately added to the National Gallery, are examples which many of our readers will be able to recall. And, coming nearer home, we would venture to specify two heads, on which we shall presently have more to add, as instances, in their degree, of a similar quality—the Mr. Preston, by J. Robertson, and the Dr. Lushington, by W. H. Hunt.

If, however, this standard were resolutely kept in view, as in reason it should be, by those who give a commission for a portrait, not only would more genius be directed into this noble branch of the art, but men of less marked ability would be led to do fuller justice to their own faculty and to the features of the sitter. Several of those artists, whom we cannot praise as we heartily could wish to praise them, would, in such circumstances, have produced creditable work. We have often wondered why it is not so. It does not seem too much to expect that educated and wealthy persons should reach, by comparison with acknowledged types of excellence in portrait, and by the still more trustworthy and facile comparison with nature, a fair measure of judgment in regard to so comparatively simple a form of art. Nor does it, again, seem too much to expect from popular common sense that, when excellence in any branch of human industry is not attainable, we should be content to do without it. When we have no Milton alive, no one wishes to receive an epic from Montgomery. It is just the same with fine art. Nothing but a good portrait, which is necessarily a good painting, is worth having. But, so far from judging thus, the idle, insatiable wish to be painted oneself, or to put a likeness of a friend in a public place, is so predominant in modern England that the goodness of the portrait, without which it is simply canvas wasted and features caricatured, hardly seems to occur to the patron as an essential point in the business. It is to this cause, far more than to any radical deficiency in able artists, to modern dress, even that of "ladies of fashion," or to the absence of characteristic faces, that we

ascribe the manufacturing aspect of the art which the *Times* justly noticed. When everybody will be painted, public taste corrupts itself and the painter's. Commonplace and superficial style becomes the rule, and withdraws attention from really good work; whilst, besides the crowd of incapables who inevitably rush into the field and advertise themselves, men capable of better things yield to the temptations of facility and fashion. It is with the popular painter as with his sitter:—

—rem facias; rem,
Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo, rem.

Who would spend weeks, as Mr. Hunt or Mr. Sandys must have spent, on works which, when the name of painter and original have perhaps perished, will be looked at with undiminished interest, when they can cover a fathom of canvas with a group like Mr. Weston and his hack (34), or the two ladies of No. 379, in less time—to judge from the slight quality of the painting—than the artists above named must have given to the mental conception of their subjects, or to the widely-different, but equally refined and original, backgrounds of the Dr. Lushington and the Mrs. Rose? We know how easy it is to point to the practice of Gainsborough and Reynolds, and to say that these great artists painted, not only quickly and slightly, but even carelessly. The only reply is, that we excuse their carelessness, and accept their slightness, because they were Reynolds and Gainsborough. And nothing would delight us more than that Messrs. Pickersgill, Grant, Swinton, Buckner, Weigall, Richmond, and O'Neil should furnish equal claims for a similar condonation.

First-rate portraiture will always be rare, although it is only such that is likely to command spectators on the sole ground of its merits as art, or that can strictly be thought a worthy subject for criticism. But even satisfactory portraiture demands an eye for form and colour, and a thorough cultivation of design, in which too many of our fashionable limners are sadly, but it would seem unconsciously, deficient. Most people were struck last year, at the International Exhibition, by the thoroughness which the French, German, and Scandinavian artists showed, in comparison with ours. It is difficult to believe that the painters whose names we have just enumerated, would receive on the Continent that place in art to which they are here held entitled. That admirable artist and charming writer, Mr. Leslie, in his book for Young Painters, tells a story which we may appropriately quote. "A nobleman said to Lely, 'How is it that you have so great a reputation, when you know, as well as I do, that you are no painter?' 'True, but I am the best you have,' was the answer." It is probable that no one who remembers some of Lely's really beautiful portraits, as those at Hampton Court, will be disposed to rank any one of the painters just referred to with the English successor of Vandyke. Except as forming part of a series, as an Archbishop or a Speaker, the portraits they exhibit are not likely to arouse the interest of spectators a hundred years hence. Yet it would be equally unjust, let us add, to apply the "nobleman's" words in their full extent. Grant's "Speaker," though thinly painted in the head, and wanting in the attractions and the truths of colour, like the same painter's "Lady Fife," is well put on the canvas. Weigall's smaller work, as his "Lady R. Montagu," has simplicity in a rather insipid and conventional key of colour. Richmond's "Rev. H. Venn" we think superior in its look of likeness to his "Archbishop of Canterbury," which does not escape a certain awkward and feeble effect, rarely avoided when a person is painted moving apparently across the canvas. Is it to be ascribed to over-haste that Mr. Sant's colouring, never his strong point, has lately become not only thin and garish, but in some parts quite opaque and ungrated? These defects go far to balance the praiseworthy attempt at varied action and novelty of pose which his portraits exhibit. The attempt is not, indeed, always free from some affectation and some constraint, but it takes his work out of the vulgar range. Macnee's colour has too much of the chalkiness of Sant's; but the lines in his "Lady and Child" (64), are very graceful, and the drawing much more careful than is generally bestowed on our portraits.

Messrs. Gordon and Macbeth represent the Scotch school, in which the traditions of Raeburn as yet retain predominance, with the result of a certain manly power, and a marked reliance on deep shadows and indoors effect. The "Archibald Bennett" and "Dr. Cunningham" are good examples in this manner of work—grave and forcible, if not rising above the atmosphere of the bank-parlour or the College-hall in point of attractiveness. The latter quality has been more aimed at and attained by Mr. Watts in his highly-coloured child's head, "Virginia," wherein, however, the sentimentalism of the artist reappears, and in the "Lady" (84) by Mr. Wells. This, though not a painting of such promise as the three girls by Mr. Orchardson, which we shall presently notice, is the most completely studied portrait of its kind exhibited. The figure is well placed, the very copious ornamental furniture of the room carefully arranged, the light and colour pleasingly managed, and the features natural and unconscious. Perhaps, indeed, a more animated look would have improved the effect by concentrating the eye on the principal point. Fenced in and about by drawing-room fortifications as she is, the lady appears now almost *minima pars sui*. Mr. Wells has also a good half-length of Sir H. Ross (499), which, though rather low in tone, appears well drawn and painted. Mrs. Newton's small Head (464), has a true charm of colour and expression; and every one will look with interest for work in this direction by the same promising hand next year. We may apply a similar remark to Mr. W. Richmond, whose full-length of a little girl (rather hardly hung in the North Room), with

Mr. Eddis' pretty "Child on the Rocks" (138), are the most satisfactory pictures in their class. Mr. A. Thompson's portrait (705) is careful and life-like, but rather defective in "putting together," from the artist's wish to give his work an unstudied air.

Mr. Orchardson, already referred to, is, we suppose, like Messrs. Thompson and W. Richmond, one of our younger artists. As such, we hold it to be of good augury that in his Group (652) he has aimed, above all things, at a true representation of the heads before him, even if the resolute attempt not to conventionalize has left the heads in question rather *set* in expression, and given his whole work an awkwardness of arrangement. The large space to be covered is probably one reason for the incompleteness of the nearer and the most distant portions, as, in the same artist's small subject—a Girl Singing (185, floor)—the details are beautifully finished in a style which, although it shows that men like Plössan and A. Stevens have been studied with success, yet preserves an English character. Mr. Orchardson's eye for colour is peculiar, and he has already reached so high a point in mastery over it, that (if he escapes the danger of mannerism in the subdued tints), we may look forward to excellent work from his hand. The lesson how a portrait should *not* be painted may be learned by comparing this picture with the one hung below it (651), which, whilst showing the knack of the practised hand, hardly rises in rank above the art of the best inn's best parlour. Mr. Sandys, though, we believe, known already as the author of some fine and firm drawings, must be also reckoned, as a painter, amongst the men of promise in whom this Exhibition has been unusually fertile. The two heads by him which are hung at accessible heights, "La Belle Ysande" and "Mrs. Rose" (53 and 606), have struck every one as remarkable examples of execution, in which careful drawing and significant expression are set off to the best advantage by significance in the accessories and care in the finish. There is, perhaps, a slight tendency to hardness in handling, and to archaism of style; but we trust that Mr. Sandys will not allow these temptations to divert him from what bids fair to be a career of unusual success. Mr. Dickinson, though not long known, has, however, produced so many forcible and conscientious pieces of portraiture in former years, that we class him with the scanty band of those who show excellence in fulfilment rather than in promise. Of the works which he exhibits this year, we prefer the fine and animated "Major Powys Keck" (510) to his portrait of Mr. Kingsley (614), which is somewhat gloomy in colour and over-weighted with allusive details.

We have already indicated our reason for the very high rank assigned in this criticism to the two portraits by Mr. W. H. Hunt and Mr. Robertson (613 and 192). They take this place not by virtue of their colour—which, though in each case treated with care, and in Mr. Hunt's very original in the details, seems to us the less satisfactory element—but by virtue of their attainment of the first, second, and third point in portraiture, namely, the masterful grasp over human features as the embodiment of human character. Mr. Robertson's full-length shows (with no advantages in the figure and the dress) a true largeness and power in arrangement, which is one of the rarest qualities in this branch of art. Simple as it is, we think no one will fail to see this quality who compares the figure with Gordon's "Mr. Baird" (99), nearly opposite, or with the angular and distracting lines of Weigall's "Sir G. Lewis" (135). The head is too distant for detailed criticism; but if equal (as it appears) to the general style of the picture, Mr. Robertson must be placed high on our list of portrait painters. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Dr. Lushington" is fortunately better hung. In the colour of the flesh, and in some portions of the execution, it betrays a little of the overlabour which a powerful and conscientious artist cannot help throwing into any form of art with which he is comparatively unfamiliar. But it would be a very superficial criticism which confounded this with the incurable defects of a careless or commonplace painter. This work makes an epoch in the English School of portraiture, by possession of those qualities of intensity and severity in style in which we have been most deficient. Within what the eye can reach, it is simply the most magnificent piece of modelling, equally refined and forcible, on the walls of this year's Exhibition. Such art may not commend itself at once to eyes trained to admire the picturesque manner; but the qualities it has are precisely those by which alone the *vera effigies* of a distinguished man can be perpetuated. Is it not this which we want in a portrait?

PRINCESS MARY'S AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

PRINCESS MARY, not the least amiable and accomplished member of the Royal Family, must have felt gratified at the result of the private theatricals given last Monday in aid of her fund for providing nurses for the inmates of the Cambridge Asylum. The "Bijou" Theatre was filled in every part, and the demand for tickets was such that the Management was severely distracted between the importunity of friends and the claims of sterner duty. But what must have pleased Her Royal Highness more than the attendance and support of the *élite* of London was the excellence of the performances themselves. The most fastidious judges may feel every inclination to shut their eyes to the shortcomings of those who act in their behalf, but sensitiveness is apt to be keen just in proportion to the obligation incurred. It is a relief not to be compelled to wince under the services we receive. And in this case the most delicate critic need have felt no discomfort on this score. It is not too much to

say that the actors and actresses engaged on Monday night at the Bijou Theatre, all of them without exception amateurs, might challenge an equal number of actors and actresses on any stage in London without disparagement. Indeed, it is this very curious and remarkable average excellence on their part which alone affords us an excuse for offering any remarks on the occurrence. Private performances, of whatever kind, are entitled to the immunities of privacy. But where proficiency is so great, criticism, far from being disliked, may well be courted; and so many points of general interest both to private and public actors arise out of the comparison afforded by private theatricals on so large and public a scale, that the subject becomes one of general speculation rather than of particular comment.

With regard to the actors themselves, the first thing which struck us, and which, we imagine, must have forcibly struck all who were present, was the very great equality of the acting amongst them as compared with the acting at public theatres. The great drawback of our English stage, that which places it so immeasurably below the French stage, is that whereas in France the commonest actor or actress acts at least like an ordinary Frenchman or Frenchwoman, in England one or two actors act with talent or genius, and the others act, with all due deference, like sticks. It would be idle to pretend that any of the performers at the "Bijou" on Monday last could rival the cold science of Mr. Kean's mosaics, Mr. Fechter's chameleon art, or the disagreeably grotesque, but truly great, acting of Mr. Robson. But, leaving exceptional men out of view, we cannot call to mind any comic actor substantially superior to Mr. Brandram, as Barnaby Babiccombe, in *Little Toddlekins*; while the performance of Mr. Spalding as Brownsmith, of Mr. Twiss as Captain Littlepope, and of Mr. Knox Holmes as John, was all excellent of its kind. Even the *débutante*, Mrs. Morgan, was undeniably equal to the ordinary run of English *ingénues*. As for Mrs. Wrottesley, there is perhaps no one at this moment on the English stage who can approach her. Her frouzy middle-aged innocence as Amanthia, and, again, the wonderful point and delicacy, and the fire of her fun as Minnie, are peculiarities of her own that on the public stage would, we undertake to say, give her a reputation which in England usually falls to the share of male actors only. Mrs. Baldock's jealousy in "Delicate Ground" is a nearer approach to true middle comedy than we usually see. Mr. Palgrave Simpson, although the part he acted was too full of mere mannerisms, and Mr. Herman Merivale, though too boyish, are both admirable; and, we may add, Captain Cecil Peel, as a gentleman, though less fiery and versatile, is infinitely more natural than Mr. Charles Matthews. Thus, while the actors are on an average equal, and in respect of education mostly superior to professional actors, all the actresses are good, and some are, to use a French expression, *hors ligne*. The result of this is a pleasing unity of impression on the mind of the audience. For, as the acting is more natural on all hands, so we are not at all points balked and offended by the harsh contrast between isolated genius and general defect.

But having said this in praise, we must be allowed to notice what appears to us to be a serious drawback, though not an insuperable one. The fault we find is, first of all, in the selection of pieces. *Somebody Else* is just tolerable for an evening hour in a country house, or to amuse a London pit and gallery. *Delicate Ground*, only redeemed by the excellence of the acting, is, as a piece, insufferably stupid. *Little Toddlekins* is nothing more than the appropriate farcical trifle with which a genuine comedy may be wound up. But with such a *personnel* as these amateurs possess, and such varied talents, with neither pit nor gallery to "bring down," with an audience chiefly capable of appreciating, and especially tickled by, the finesses of society, which are the staple of the true comedy of manners, it may justly be regretted that they should fritter their wealth upon such unmitigated trash. That an Adelphi audience should like Mr. Toole's clever and amiable but exaggerated buffoonery is excusable. But the actors at the Bijou Theatre on Monday last played to an audience which, if it be not, ought to be, such as those which inspired the Molières and the Sheridans. It would be better (they have time and brains for it) to write comedies for themselves, taken from the innumerable subjects of modern life, and treated without distortion, and with all the gravity and delicacy of genuine comedy, than to corrupt their talent by acting the deplorable stuff of our present degenerate public stage.

So much for the pieces themselves. With regard to the persons engaged, if, under the circumstances, they will permit us to express an opinion, it would be that they act, not too little, but too much, like professional actors. We have said that, taking the company as a whole, it is superior to the usual companies of the public stage. But it is easy to detect in how many ways the amateurs are still influenced by the bad examples they usually witness in public. There is still an occasional tendency to stage trick, stage talk, and stage manner. And in this we desire not to be mistaken. There are many rules which are independent of any mannerisms. There is, for example, the management of the voice, and the distinctness of elocution which is necessary to be heard at all in a space so much larger than that in which people usually speak. These are subject to rules of their own. But when these rules are mastered, the effect ought not to be something different from what we usually hear. On the contrary, the very end to be attained is so to intensify the voice and articulation as to produce exactly the same effect in public as would be produced by the same character in private. If, in the pursuit of this end, something different is superadded,

the result is so far faulty. Public acting is like scene-painting; but then the scene, when painted, may be, and should be, like a picture seen close at hand. Then, again, there are a variety of rules as to filling the stage, coming in and going out, and other details, which are like the rules of perspective—indispensable, but purely preliminary. These should be studied. But, this done, the aim of the amateurs should be to expunge as completely as possible from their minds the acting of our public actors, if they wish to make the best use of their peculiar advantages, and, in short, to give themselves up entirely to their own sense of the part they wish to act.

It may be discussed which is the best audience for the growth of the drama—the usual London audience of hack play frequenters, or the select audience which may be described as the ordinary opera-house audience. It may be argued that the latter is thoroughly uncritical, and bent only upon "sensation." On the other hand, although the popular element is essential to the drama, it may be maintained, we think fairly, that the true sense of the comedy of manners requires a delicate perception of social congruity and incongruity, which naturally increases as we rise in the scale of society. A civilized man sees a thousand shades of feeling where a savage sees none; and it cannot often happen that the perceptions of a duchess are less delicate than those of a coal-heaver. Indeed, history proves, so far as history proves anything, that the theatre has only flourished under aristocratic institutions. The Athenian stage was cherished in reality by an Athenian aristocracy, if not always political, at least intellectual. The same may be affirmed practically of the Roman stage. The French Monarchy culminated with the French stage. The German stage burst into fleeting but glorious bloom under the influence of a German Court. Of the English stage nothing need be said, but that Shakspeare wrote under Elizabeth, in the midst of the Cecils, the Bacons, and the Raleighs. And the cause we take to be, as we lately endeavoured to explain, that a central standard of comparison and a common fund of nice perceptions, together with the play of class against class and character against character, is the true and necessary source of the drama. Nor can we conceive anything more likely to give a new impulse to the English stage than the discriminating support of a central class such as that which was chiefly represented on Monday last at the "Bijou" Theatre, and the talents of actors raised above the trammels of rotten traditions. We need hardly say that the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales added zest and point to the entertainment, and everybody was pleased to see them happy. The applause was cordial and universal, and they joined in it heartily. So far as the approbation of Royalty, as such, can have an influence, it is well bestowed in diminishing the proverbial coldness of English audiences. "Le talent a besoin de confiance," said Madame de Staël, and no talent is so dependent on the reciprocity of feeling as the talent of the actor.

Ewald in the earlier scenes of Jewish history, certainly not Basnage in the later; least of all one like myself, who began too early, and have been called off too much by other studies, fully to appropriate or worthily to execute this work of universal, of perpetual, interest to mankind.

It is as the historian of Latin Christianity that Dr. Milman will be known in English literature. His *History of the Jews* is less learned and less ripe. It bears traces of a defect which it is not altogether easy to describe at once justly and kindly. To say of the first volume that it is the Old Testament re-written in the style of a prize essay would be considerably too severe, and, in reference to particular parts, untrue; but that is what a critic, erring on the side of severity, would say with some plausibility. The truth is that, till we arrive at times when there are some materials for history, it is not possible to write history. Till a comparatively late period, when the politics of Palestine came to be connected with those of the great Gentile nations, a Bible with sensible notes is all that is worth having. All that is, or ever can or will be, known about Abraham is to be found in certain chapters of the book of Genesis, and not only do we gain nothing, but we are pretty sure to lose something important, by translating it into modernized English. It is a most fortunate accident that the language of the authorized version has in itself an archaic turn which, to some extent, suggests the fact that the events related belong to a state of things utterly remote from our own experience. We bring them no nearer to ourselves by describing them in the ordinary style of sustained English composition. If anything, we remove them further from us. A Bible reprinted from the authorized version, with notes warning the reader what inferences to draw from peculiarities in the phraseology and in the arrangement of the story, and a moderate number of appendices on particular points, would tell all that is to be told. The plan adopted by Dr. Milman has the most singular effect, especially upon the miraculous parts of the narrative. The transition from what is ordinary and commonplace to what is an exercise of faith is made in so sudden and startling a manner as needlessly to increase any difficulties which may suggest themselves to the reader. Thus, for instance, an excellent description—taken partly from Dr. Stanley—is given of the valley of the Jordan, of the steep banks bounding the Promised Land by a strange natural trench, the rapid stream, and the adjoining country; but when all this is brought into connexion with the rolling back of the stream, and the miraculous passage of the Israelites, the mind receives a strange sort of shock. The difficulty is, of course, one of the imagination only. Looked at merely as a matter of reason, it is not more easy to make the Jordan the scene of such an event than the Thames; but most people would require far more evidence as to the one than as to the other.

Notwithstanding its defects, such as they are, Dr. Milman's book is the only one, with the exception of Dr. Stanley's *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, which conveys to English readers a connected popular account of the Jewish people; and though to execute such a work thoroughly would be extremely difficult, there can be no question that, when executed, it would constitute—to use Dr. Milman's own phrase—"a work of universal, of perpetual interest to mankind." Its interest would, of course, depend upon its connexion with religion; but the history of the Jews, though closely and vitally connected with Christianity, may be viewed apart from special theological questions. Such questions refer, for the most part, if not entirely, to the miraculous part of the narrative, and, by their very nature, miracles occupy a position of their own. They always are, and always will be, believed or disbelieved according to the general views of those who consider the subject. There is a frame of mind in which they will be regarded as proofs of the truth of the history in which they are described. There is another state of mind in which they will be regarded as interpolations or untruths; but whichever of these views is adopted, the general course of the history itself remains the same, and the same general observations arise upon it. It is by reason of the general observations which they suggest, and the general outline of the story which they tell, that such works as Dean Milman's are entitled to the high place which they hold in literature. Laying out of the question, as unsuited to discussion here, these parts of the history, and looking only at that part of it which cannot be made the subject of serious controversy, it is, upon the whole, the most wonderful and one of the most instructive histories in the world. One of the most remarkable points connected with it is its strange continuity. From the days of Abraham down to the siege of Jerusalem, and, in one sense, down to the present day, there is a continuous progress, both economical and intellectual. The nomad life of Abraham and Lot, the tribe regulations of the Israelites when they came out of Egypt, their history under the Judges, their history under the Kings, and their state after the return from Babylon, are all different from each other, and each represents a different and successive stage in all that we call civilization.

Condensing the history into a few sentences, and setting aside, for the reasons already given, the purely theological part of it, the story stands thus:—At a very remote time, which cannot now be fixed with even proximate certainty, the ancestors of the Jewish race were nomad chiefs wandering over Syria. They settled in Egypt, and there became a numerous but enslaved tribe. When freed from the oppression under which they had suffered, they resumed their nomad life for about a generation, and then conquered Palestine, and nearly, though not quite, exterminated the ancient inhabitants. For a length of time they lived under a variety of chiefs or judges, who never founded a dynasty; but at

REVIEWS.

MILMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS.*

DR. MILMAN'S publication of a third edition of his *History of the Jews* would at any time require notice. Just now it is interesting, not merely in a literary and theological point of view, but because it is an act of great courage on the part of a Church dignitary, at a moment when the dignitaries of the Church are doing so little for the dignity of the Church. Whatever may be the merits of the theological questions now at issue, no one can doubt that the timid way in which they are treated by those in authority is lowering the Church in public estimation to a degree which its friends must view with the deepest concern. In such a state of things, it is satisfactory to see that the one living theological writer whose name has a right to be inscribed on the list of great English divines should republish a book which, thirty years ago, formed as natural an introduction to preferment as well-meaning ignorance has too often done in the present day. In his preface to the present edition of his work, Dr. Milman honestly, and in the plainest possible language, avows his opinions on some of the subjects which so much scare the present generation of Bishops. He has the courage to own that his opinions on the inspiration of the Bible are substantially the same as those of Tillotson and Burnet—opinions which the judgment of the Court of Arches upon the *Essays and Reviews* expressly recognised as legal; and he has the honesty to say that he considers many of the controversies which at present terrify so many zealous, but very ignorant Christians, totally irrelevant to the fundamental parts of Christianity, however interesting they may be in themselves. The truth or falsehood of such opinions is not a question which can be discussed in these columns; but we may properly express satisfaction at finding that there is still one dignified English clergyman who can write like a man upon these great subjects.

Of the general nature and merits of a work which has been so long before the public it would be superfluous to say much. The concluding sentences of the present edition modestly and truthfully denote its place in literature:—

I would gladly hail a Jewish Neander, but even Jost . . . will hardly fill that place which no Christian, perhaps, has a right to occupy—not even

* *The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period down to Modern Times.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 3 vols. Third Edition. London: Murray. 1863.

last they were ruled over by kings who converted the country into what was, for a short period, a powerful and extensive empire, trading with Egypt on the one side and India on the other. By bad government and internal divisions the whole country was thrown into confusion, and a long series of calamities ended in the Babylonish captivity. On their return from Babylon, all the institutions of the country were, so to speak, revised and corrected, and the nation at large became fanatically attached to their civil and religious constitution. They retained it, notwithstanding foreign conquests, to which, when their masters were unusually oppressive, they offered the most desperate resistance. At last a series of remarkable men erected the country into one of those half-dependent monarchies which the Roman Empire first protected and then annexed, much as we dealt with some of the native Princes in India. The nation became rich, populous, educated, and, in a word, civilized, to a high degree; but the presence of the laws and the religion of the Romans fretted and galled the Jews till they broke into the furious revolt which ended in their destruction as a nation, and left them to drag out a lingering and miserable existence down to the present time, rather as a religious sect than as a nation.

These are the principal facts in Jewish history, thrown into their most compressed form. Of course, they serve merely as an envelope to the religion from which they derive their importance. Viewing them in that light, and leaving on one side the numerous controversies by which they have been perplexed, it cannot be denied that the story is one of the most wonderful that are to be found in the annals of mankind. Take any possible view of the early history of the nation—concede, for the sake of argument, that the miraculous part of the history is all fable or legend, and that the historical part is confused, perplexed, transposed, and that it bears the marks of several successive revisions—and the part of the narrative which neither is nor can be contested is still extraordinary in the highest degree. In the first place, it is indisputable that the Book of Genesis, at all events the chief part of it, is immensely ancient, and that it is an historical account of real persons. On this point, Dr. Milman contrasts, with great effect, the Abraham of Genesis with the Abraham of Persian, Arabian, and perhaps Indian tradition, according to which he was the teacher, "not merely of religious truth, but of science, arithmetic, mathematics, and astronomy to the Egyptians." It is equally certain that the conceptions of the Divine Nature ascribed to him have never to this day been improved upon. This belief formed the corner-stone of the whole Jewish history, the key-note of the whole of their literature, and the foundation of what at that time was probably unexampled elsewhere—a written law binding upon the whole nation, rulers and subjects alike. This leading fact may not strike the imagination at first sight like the miracles of Moses or Elijah; but when it is considered attentively, it will appear to be to them what the still small voice was to the storm and the earthquake. There is nothing like it in the early history of any of the other great nations of the world. The constitutions of all the countries of modern Europe have been the work of ages. Some of them, indeed, have been thrown into a definite codified form at a given moment, but they have always represented the experience of centuries. The Constitution of the United States could never have been drawn up unless its authors had been able to resort for guidance to the history of the colonies and the history of England. All modern experience shows that a written constitutional code is one of the latest products of civilization. However late a date may be assigned to the Pentateuch as we have it, there can be no doubt that the Israelites lived under a written constitutional law for ages before the Babylonish captivity, or that that law was founded upon that which all the greatest nations of the world have recognised as the true doctrine on the most awful of all subjects—the being and attributes of God.

No doubt Ezra and his successors, on the return from Babylon, revised the institutions of the country, but that they should have invented them out of their own heads is simply incredible. Hence the fact, that the Jewish nation as a body not only believed in the unity of God, but lived under laws expressly referring to and founded upon that belief, is indisputable. Compare this with the condition of any other people in the world, and it will be found to be a fact standing alone. In almost all other countries, any approach to a reasonable view of the Divine Nature was the highest distinction of a select class of philosophers. It is even doubtful whether the most distinguished of their number really entertained such a belief. That the writers of the Psalms, of Deuteronomy, of Exodus and Genesis, believed in one God is past all question. Whether Aristotle, Plato, or Cicero did, and what meaning they attached to the words, is a doubtful question. The belief of the Jews was not a mere speculative opinion. The institutions founded on it brought home a belief in it to the bulk of the people. The declaration with which the Ten Commandments open, and the first and second of those commandments, have become so familiar to us that we do not perceive how marvellous they are; yet there can be no doubt that, in a very remote antiquity, they formed the basis of the morality, and even of the laws, of a nation which had nothing attractive about it except its religion.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of Dr. Milman's book—certainly the part which has most novelty for common readers—is his description of the period which succeeded the return from the Captivity. To most of us it is nearly a blank, more or less indistinctly filled by revolts, civil wars, and unconnected and

not familiar names. Whether it will ever be described as it ought to be, no one can tell. During a considerable period—more than two centuries—there are no authorities at all, and the history is a mere blank. The whole interval from the return from Babylon to the destruction of Jerusalem comprehends the same period as the history of Rome, from the time when it first begins to be authentic, down to the reign of Vespasian. If its secrets could be disinterred, we should know how the canon of the Old Testament was formed; how the sects of the Pharisees and Sadducees came to divide between them all the educated part of the nation; how the old religion gradually hardened into and was superseded by that intense fanaticism which marked off the Jews from all the rest of the world; and how the belief in a coming Messiah grew into form, and, concurrently with other causes, paved the way for the great events by which the whole subsequent history of the human race has been so deeply affected. All this history is past and gone beyond the reach of recovery; but the few scattered hints of it which have reached us are full of interest. One of the most remarkable of these is the history of the Sadducees. They would appear to have been one of the most singular sects that ever had a corporate existence, and connected with it the possession of political power. On the one hand, they were firm theists. They believed in God with the same undoubting faith as the rest of their nation; and they obviously derived this belief from the books of Moses, for they drew from them the further inference that there was no future life for men. Dr. Milman says that he feels no doubt that the book of Ecclesiasticus represents their views, and was written by one of their number. Certainly some passages in it categorically deny the immortality of the soul. "All things cannot be in men, because the son of man is not immortal." "Weep for the dead, for he hath lost the light, and weep for the fool, for he wanteth understanding; make little weeping for the dead, for he is at rest, but the life of the fool is worse than death." The whole book is well described by Dr. Milman as full of "magnificent descriptions of God's creative power, of his all-comprehending providence, of his chastisement of unrighteousness, of his rewards of godliness, the most beautiful precepts of moral and social virtue, of worldly wisdom and sagacity, of chastity, temperance, justice, and beneficence; but of a life after death not one word."

The existence of such a sect is a strong, though, as it were, an inverted, proof of the energy with which the belief in God had been impressed upon the nation at large by its previous history. To us, the connexion between a belief in God and a belief in a future life appears to be so strong that it may be questioned whether any considerable number of persons separate them in their own minds, and whether, if such a separation did take place, the belief in a God would exercise any practical influence over the conduct of those who held it. Indeed, it seems probable that in modern times belief in the separate existence of the human soul is the origin of a belief in God. Materialist and atheist are nearly equivalent terms. With the Jews, the belief in God would appear to have come first. Indeed, it is perfectly clear, as Warburton proved beyond all possibility of doubt, that in the older canonical books of the Old Testament there are, at the very most, only two or three doubtful allusions to any life beyond the present. The doctrine that, in point of fact, there was such a life, probably grew up during and after the Captivity, and may have been derived from Persian and other sources. This fact renders the intense belief in God, which was the distinguishing peculiarity of the Jews in all ages, still more wonderful than it would otherwise have been. The evidence seems to negative the notion that they could have reached that belief by any of the channels by which it is reached in these days, and therefore—apart from the specific assertions of their history—favours the opinion that, in some way or other, it was impressed upon them from without, and that by some tremendous external force. The belief of the Sadducees—the most highly educated of the Jews, and the most faithful to the original laws of the nation, and to the books in which they were recorded—is a standing memorial of this. They deserve more attention than they have ever received. Ecclesiasticus and Ecclesiastes (which is much in the same vein, whoever wrote it) are the two most pathetic books that ever were written. Their piety, their courageous resignation, and the profound undertone of sadness running through them—relieved, however, by a vigorous cheerfulness as to the current events of life—form a touching memorial of the sect of which the Saviour never said anything more than, "Ye do greatly err." The contrast between this mild reproof and the tremendous denunciations of the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees might convey a lesson to many in the present day.

There is, perhaps, no event in history which, on the whole, is sadder and more awful than the final dispersion of the Jews and the destruction of their national existence by Vespasian and Titus. The mere material horror of the transaction is terrible enough, though a considerable deduction might perhaps be made on account of the questionable sincerity and the national propensity to exaggerate numbers which disfigure the history of Josephus. The moral significance of the event was, however, far greater. In the long and sad history of the formation of the Roman Empire, we read perpetually of the absorption of one province after another into the great whole which ultimately comprised them all; but in this one instance we get the other side of the story—the view which the conquered party took of the transaction. The revolt of Palestine was the last and

one of the fiercest of all the long list of wars of independence which were waged against Rome, and it was carried on by a people who had reached very nearly as high a level of civilization in their own way as the Romans themselves. Their religion and literature were in every way superior to those of their conquerors; and though their laws were local, and adapted exclusively to their peculiar circumstances, they might, under favourable conditions, have been greatly developed, and have supplied to the Roman jurisprudence—or rather to the jurisprudence which gradually grew up under and by reason of the Roman Empire—materials of great value. As it was, all these great and glorious possessions were trampled on, dispersed over the world, and torn into shreds and patches. Instead of being precious to the whole human race, they became the badges of an obscure and scattered sect, hardened by unrelenting persecution into misanthropy and ferocity. In speculating on what might have been, it is impossible not to think for a moment of the benefits which Jews and Christians would have derived from each other if the Jewish nation had been spared, and if it had been gradually, and in due time, converted to Christianity. In so far as we can properly apply the teaching of the New Testament to the particular people to whom it was addressed—and the belief that it had such an application is not in the least inconsistent with the belief that it enunciated principles of universal and eternal application—its policy, so to speak, was that of submission. The political message addressed to the Jews was, “Make the best of your position, turn the left cheek to those who smite the right, go two miles when you are forced to go one, give to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s, and act up to the spirit of those laws of which the form was adapted to the ‘hardness of heart’ of your forefathers—to their peculiar circumstances and temptations.” If this advice had been accepted, the whole history of mankind might have been changed. Palestine might have formed a contented and prosperous part of the Roman Empire, and might in time have leavened the whole of it. What the secret causes of the decline and fall of that vast body were we know very imperfectly, but it is obvious that the chief ones were immorality and oppression, and their consequences. In some parts of the empire the population decayed, in most it became timid and corrupt. Whatever faults the Jews have had, they have never been fools or cowards, nor have they ever been corrupted and broken up by personal vice. The stern morality of the Law and the Prophets has always been respected amongst them. They have been hardy, prolific, industrious, and independent in all countries, and under every possible variety of circumstances. When Titus stormed Jerusalem and dispersed the Jewish nation, he little thought what an inexhaustible source of wealth and power he was diverting from himself and his successors. If the Jews had not been taught to hate mankind, and had condescended to learn from the greatest of all Jews to love their neighbours, their example might have read lessons of wisdom, of courage, and of temperance to all the subjects of Rome. Nor would this have been all. If the Jews had been Christians, they would never have been monks. Nothing corrects asceticism so powerfully as the Old Testament; and if the sympathies of the Jews had been won to the Christian faith they might have taught its most eminent professors lessons which would have spared mankind the long contest between the Church and the world—a contest in which neither side was wholly right or wholly wrong, and which has contributed many a dark page to all subsequent history.

AUSTIN ELLIOT.*

FEW readers will deny that this novel fulfils the first purpose of novels. It interests and amuses. The story, partly through the events and characters it describes, and partly through the mode of description, is effective and impressive. The plot is new, and not very improbable. There have been thousands of stories turning on villains who want to shoot heroes in duels, and on the discomfiture and defeat which such villains ought to undergo; but none, probably, have selected the same catastrophe. The friend of the hero, in *Austin Elliot*, fights the duel, and the hero is imprisoned as his second. The heroine, too, who of course is the cause of the war, is also introduced in a new way. She has a brother who is a convict, and it is the knowledge of this secret that puts her in the villain’s power. She, and the hero, and his friend have all distinct and well-drawn characters, suited to the position in which they find themselves, and mutually drawing out each other. This is a great deal to say for any novel, and if there is nothing very good in *Austin Elliot*, there is quite enough to make it very well worth reading. It will also contribute to its popularity that Austin and his friend are young, and have all the romance and freshness of youth about them. Most novel-readers are either young themselves or wish novels to carry them back to the time when they were young; and they like to read of two bright, happy boys, leaving Eton together, and going together to reading parties in Wales and excursions among the Scottish Isles, and busying themselves with boats, and dogs, and young ladies. The fast and furious girl, we are pleased to see, does not thrive in fiction. The heroines of the tales written by the most adroit novelists are of the kind that innocent and enthusiastic minds, while in possession of youth of body and mind, really delight in. Like Austin’s Eleanor, they are gentle, quiet, and devoted. It is a well-imagined contrast to have

the picture of the happy young friends and of the prosperous love of this young lady—who is, however, secretly depressed by the knowledge of her brother being in Millbank, and by the possession of nine thousand a year obtained by the sharp practices of a speculative father—and then to have the faithful Lord Charles shot through the heart, Austin delirious in Newgate, and Eleanor whirled off to the Continent by an aunt who is mad as well as drunk, and who adds to the general distress by burning all Eleanor’s letters to her lover. Things, as the tender heart of a novel reader will divine, get better towards the end. Eleanor keeps her money, while death rids her of her brother. Austin gets out of prison at the end of three months, by rescuing the governor of the prison from an attack of the convicts; and he and Eleanor, bidding good-bye to the gay world, where things are misrepresented and duels fought, retire to a Scotch island which they buy, and into which they introduce larches, and clover, and Saxon nobleness, and such theology as is known and loved at Eversley.

This theology is a very good theology in its way, and young people can get nothing but good from reading it. They may take to themselves the lecture which Mr. Kingsley addresses to “my butterfly,” as he playfully calls his hero. There are many excellent young men of whom, as of Austin, it may be said that they live in a fool’s paradise—their religious faith absolutely nothing; their political creed only built up out of formulas used by their forefathers; their social creed, that it is a good thing to get asked to such and such a party. Such people may profit by having it instilled into them that work is a noble thing, and acts as a sedative and composing balm on Englishmen and Scotchmen, and the best kind of Irishmen. Sometimes there are depths in this theology which we find it hard to understand, but ordinarily it is pleasant and simple. Of an excellent Scotch minister, described as working courageously among his poor, we are told that, “As for Mr. Monroe, he well earned his crown of glory this terrible winter, even if by long continuance in well-doing he had not earned it before.” This seems a harmless statement enough. If a novelist is allowed to create a character, he may be allowed to say that his imaginary character’s salvation is secure. But Mr. Kingsley does not like his shocking things to be thought harmless, and feels, as many theologians do, that it is very hard if no one will kick them. “I know that what I have just written,” he goes on, “will be called by some people heretical, but it shall stand and shall be repeated.” Let us hope that Mr. Kingsley will not be disappointed, and that there are some people who will think the passage dreadful, and will clamour to have it cut out, when he can stand very firm and have it reprinted verbatim in the second edition. Mr. Kingsley also wins some of his moral triumphs rather easily at the expense of his own characters. He makes Austin, for example, suddenly determine to reform his fellow-convicts, by “talking to them about Shakspeare and the musical-glasses;” but directly he begins to talk to the first convict on whom he tries the experiment, he flies into a passion on detecting the convict in a lie, and so the improving conversation about Shakspeare and the musical glasses never comes off. This is simply sacrificing Austin. He is made an absurd goose, and supposed to be more foolish than any young man who had been distinguished at Eton and Oxford could possibly be, in order that Mr. Kingsley may let his readers know that he personally would not think conversation about Shakspeare and the musical glasses the right way to reform criminals. There is also an imitation of some of the literary arts of his more eminent brother which rather wearies us. Mr. Kingsley is always hinting at the smash to which the happy people are coming, and making shrewd condemnatory remarks on his own imaginary characters, and regretting the follies into which they fall, much in the way which is so familiar to the readers of *Two Years Ago* and *The Water Babies*. But these are only slight blemishes, and the family style, like the family theology, has much more to like in it than to blame.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Kingsley gains by his habit of describing rapidly everything of every sort that he remembers. It lends a kind of life to the story, and being a man of active mind and interesting himself heartily in all human works and ways, he has seen much that is worth describing, and that he describes well. His interest and information extend, so far as *Austin Elliot* reveals them, to dogs, Highlanders, boating, Irish politics, sermons, prisons, the Houses of Parliament, tornadoes, public offices, gillies, gullies, and galleys of all sorts, and a vast many other things, which, to do him justice, ought to be put down in the list. So we have a constant variety of subject, and are never left to languish in the monotony of one idea. This is pleasant, but on the other hand, these descriptions sometimes sacrifice the plot, and sometimes override it altogether. After the plot is over, and the hero and the heroine have had their final explanation, and every one seems fixed in his or her proper place, the book suddenly carries us off to the West coast of Scotland, and we have a long minute account of a famine which the author saw there some years ago. It is not brought in by a rapid survey or a passing allusion, but the whole tale of misery is set out at a length in proportion, not to the place it occupies in the story, but to the interest which the sad scenes he saw awakened in the mind of the author. And throughout *Austin Elliot*, we have little unconnected bits of description, set like what the Romans called “purple patches” on the story. The hero is asked to choose a dog by the lady with whom he stays, and he has so many to choose from that Mr. Kingsley can describe all the sorts

* *Austin Elliot*. By Henry Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

of dogs that he most fancies. The father of the hero takes the young people in a yacht, and they spend a most stormy night on the sea. The adventure is entirely unconnected with the plot, but it enables Mr. Kingsley to write an account of a circular storm. On one occasion, the story is stopped to describe, not an imaginary ship used by any of the characters in the tale, but a real ship in which Mr. Kingsley himself sailed once, and which he afterwards happened very curiously to see in dock. The effect is no further disagreeable than that it produces a feeling of its being a mere toes up what is going to happen at any point of the story; and some of Mr. Kingsley's descriptions will give critics a pleasure which they alone can feel. For there are many passages in *Austin Elliot* where a practised eye can perceive that Mr. Kingsley is on the point of wandering into fine writing about scenery, and about such features of a landscape as "bluffs," and "scarps," and "lincs," only that he is saved by remembering something of what he has heard said about reckless composition of that sort.

Mr. Kingsley flatters himself that his book has a special moral object, and that he is engaged in discouraging duelling. Fortunately, duelling has ceased, at any rate for the present, in England, and so Mr. Kingsley's efforts are no worse than superfluous. But if duelling were a live donkey and not a dead one, writing a story like Mr. Kingsley's is not the way to kick it. It is difficult to see how any one can have persuaded himself for a moment that this tale was likely to discountenance duelling. The hero is described as quite melancholy and wretched during a short space of time when he has made up his mind to shun anything like a quarrel with the villain. When he has made up his mind to have a duel, if possible, he is full of joy and honourable satisfaction. His friend, however, manages to quarrel first with the villain, is shot, and falls dead in the arms of Austin. This is very horrible, and makes Austin, in a general manner, loathe duelling; but the particular and practical effect is to make him hurry after the villain to the Continent, and there force on him a second duel, in which Austin is wounded. Society, however, for some reason which we own we do not understand, will not do Austin justice in the matter, and he is cut. Everybody forsakes him; and then, instead of forcing the world to do him justice, or bearing the burden of shame like a philosopher and a Christian, he puts his tail between his legs and trots off to Western Scotland, where he establishes himself and his bride in virtuous obscurity. At no point of the story does Austin oppose the prejudices or brave the opinion of society. He is afraid not to fight a duel when society bids him fight; and when society, although he does fight a duel, takes it into its head that he ought to have fought sooner, he shrinks from the breath of reproach, and hides himself, and his damaged reputation, and his timidity in a remote island. Were the fashion of duelling still existing, the only possible lesson to be learnt from *Austin Elliot* would be, to take care to fight at the very first moment when the world expects you to come forward.

WALSINGHAM'S HISTORIA ANGLICANA.*

THIS volume is rather a falling-off from the standard which the *Chronicles* and *Memorials* have latterly been keeping up. Mr. Riley hit upon a good thing in the municipal antiquities of London, and the last volume of his *Liber Albus* was the most amusing, and by no means the least useful, book that the series has contained. But, in the history of Thomas Walsingham, he has been set to work on an unprofitable subject, out of which the best editors employed in the collection could have made nothing. Thomas Walsingham shows us the mediæval practice of literary freebooting carried to its extreme point. We have explained on other occasions that, in those days, nothing like our modern notion of literary property existed. We speak of the notions which people in general entertain; for there are particular authors who still practise the mediæval fashion, and there are particular subjects on which mediæval licence is allowed by common consent. Thus, Dr. Liddell treats whole paragraphs of Bishop Thirlwall much in the same way that Matthew Paris treated whole pages of Roger Wendover. There is, to be sure, the difference that Matthew, when he altered, always added point to the passage, while Dr. Liddell, when he alters, invariably takes all point away. Thus, to fly to a very different subject, hymns for devotional use are treated exactly as chronicles were treated of old. When a clergyman makes a hymn-book for his parish—and the number of such hymn-books is said to fall very little short of the number of parishes in England—he is not troubled for a moment by the thought that the hymn-writers have any property in their hymns. He adds, omits, alters, as suits his own taste or the wants of his congregation; he turns High Church into Low Church, or Low Church into High Church, as may happen. And we do not at all blame him for his pains, because his object is a purely practical one, and he at least does not profess that the hymns are his own making. It is not so long ago that we saw an article in a cheap periodical which was evidently made out of two or three of our own articles on behalf of the English tongue, our very stories and illustrations being preserved. We were so far mediæval that we rejoiced at seeing "individuals" and "allusions" attacked in quarters which we should hardly have reached ourselves; but we did think it rather hard that the name of a dignitary of the Church—another

Dean, and not Dr. Liddell—should be put at the head of the article as its original author. But against Dr. Liddell and Matthew Paris the same objection does not lie. We are quite sure that Bishop Thirlwall would not bring forward any claim of parentage in any paragraph which has passed through the hands of the Dean of Christ Church; neither would Roger of Wendover have asserted any property in his own *Chronicle* after Matthew Paris had had the mending of it. Roger was a Tory; he might have groaned if he had seen his history translated into Radicalism by Matthew, but he would have disclaimed all right in the work so translated. Dr. Liddell and Matthew Paris have fairly made what they borrowed their own. The style of supposed improvement differs in the two cases, but the principle is the same. We are not certain whether Thomas Walsingham and our other Dean can be let off so easily. Mr. Riley follows the praiseworthy example of Mr. Luard in his edition of Bartholomew Cotton. The borrowed portions are printed in small type, and the alterations in a larger. The effect, in the case of Thomas Walsingham, is like that of looking at Mr. Petermann's ethnological map of Turkey in Europe. Your first impression is that there are no Turks at all. A second glance shows you the Turks, scattered here and there in little patches. So the first glimpse of Mr. Riley's edition of Walsingham gives you the impression of there being no Walsingham at all. The book simply looks like a volume of the series printed in smaller type than the others. On looking, however, very carefully, you can see here and there a word or a line, and in one case a whole paragraph, which the larger type proclaims to be the composition of the writer who gives his name to the volume. The book is thus a real curiosity, as showing how little a man may have written of his own book. Whether it was worth while to establish this fact by printing Walsingham at the cost of the nation, is altogether another matter.

Mr. Riley has probably done all that could be done in a case where there was nothing to do. Mr. Brewer or Mr. Shirley could not have edited Walsingham any better, considering that there is, in truth, no Walsingham to edit. Mr. Riley's Introduction is chiefly devoted to a most successful proof of the non-existence of his author. We do not mean that Thomas Walsingham never lived, or ate, or took a pen in his hand, but that the book which is called Walsingham belongs to Walsingham only in that sense in which, on certain solemn occasions, our own writings are legally attributed to our printer. Mr. Riley has unanswerably proved, though we believe that no one for a long time had doubted, that Walsingham's so-called History was simply copied from earlier writers. The new fact which Mr. Riley brings prominently forward is, that Walsingham is not only a copy, which we knew already, but a copy of a copy. There is, it seems, a certain *Chronicle* of St. Albans, now in the British Museum, compiled from several contemporary writers, as William Rishanger, Nicholas Trivet, and several others, some of whom are printed and some still remain in manuscript. This *Chronicle* was copied by Walsingham with wonderfully few changes. During the reign of Edward I. he omits several passages, chiefly of merely local interest, but he adds only one word. That word is *Cherburgh*, which he inserts, rather awkwardly, to explain the Latin name of the town used by his predecessors. We thus get the following sentence:—

Nauta etiam Gernemuthenses Cesaris Burgum in Normannia incendio vastaverunt, Cherburgh, spoliataque Abbatia Canonorum Regularium quendam senem in Angliam adduxerunt.

It is a comfort, then, to know that Thomas Walsingham knew that *Cesaris Burgum* meant Cherbourg, from which we may perhaps go on to infer that he also knew that *Lexovia* meant Lisieux. But this piece of instruction is all that we get from him during the first 196 pages of his volume. During the reign of Edward II. he adds nothing. In the reign of Edward III. he becomes a little more liberal. In p. 197 his author simply records the death of Hugh, Earl of Lincoln. Walsingham adds its cause, "proluvio ventris, sive, ut ferebatur, frigore per posteriora contracto." In p. 200 we get a whole paragraph, describing the natural phenomena of the year 1338—a small contribution to the history of physical science, for which we are duly thankful:—

Hoc anno, hyems asperissima extitit in Anglia, et duravit gelu maximum a quinto Kalendas Decembris usque ad quartum Idus Februarii, et nives nullæ; unde et triticum carum, sed cætera blada abundanter terra produxit. In multis locis Angliæ, salices in Januario flores protulerunt, rosis in quantitate et colore persimiles. Sambuci vero arbores fructus, cerasis sine lapidibus tum simillimos, produxerunt. Interpretetur, qui poterit, signi prodigium.

In p. 221 he adds the words "apud Rokesburgh," and in p. 222 the words "apud Rokesburgh"—when we have so little of a writer it is worth while to notice even the fluctuations of his spelling—as the place where King Edward kept Christmas in the two years 1337 and 1338. In p. 228, in a like spirit of accuracy, he inserts the words *Mensis Julii, Augusti, et Septembris*, to fix more definitely the time of the same King's invasion of France in 1340.

These six short passages, then, which we have reprinted in full, do not entitle us to the credit of having edited *Thomas Walsingham Opera omnia*, because we have as yet only accomplished the first volume. We do not know whether future instalments are likely to be more laborious. To be sure, what we have of Walsingham comes under the head of *βασίλειον, ἀλλὰ πέδα*. He appears as a chronologer, a geographer, a careful observer of the phenomena of nature. Marry, this is something; only Mr. Riley has an unkind way of suggesting, whenever Walsingham inserts anything

* *Thomas Walsingham, quondam Monachi S. Albani, Historia Anglicana.* Edited by Edward Thomas Riley, M.A. Vol. I., 1272–1381. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

which we would charitably believe to be his own, that "it is superadded from another source." Surely, when an author has left so little, and that little of so varied a kind, it is needlessly cruel to disturb him in the enjoyment of such reputation as it can give.

Walsingham, then, copied the *St. Alban's Chronicle*, and the *St. Alban's Chronicle* copied various writers, some printed and well known, others still lurking in manuscript. We must yield to an expert like Mr. Riley; but it really does occur to us that, if anything was to be printed, it would have been better to print the as yet unedited authorities than to print a work thus borrowed at secondhand from them. The books which the *St. Alban's Chronicle* copied may turn out to be copied from somebody else; but we know for certain that the *St. Alban's Chronicle* is a mere compilation, and that Walsingham's History is a copy of a compilation, with an aggregate of somewhat less than half a page of original matter inserted at six different parts of the first volume. Why this book was printed at all we cannot understand. The text is worthless, and the only object of the introduction seems to be to prove that it is worthless. The little that is known about Walsingham himself and the authorship of the *St. Alban's Chronicle* is reserved to be discussed in the introduction to a future volume. We really think that the Master of the Rolls might find some better way of spending the public money.

We will mention only a single point in detail. We are sorry to find that, in one case at least, Walsingham's spirit of copying has extended itself to his editor, while we trust that his zeal for accuracy in French geography may have, in some degree, extended itself to his reviewer. In p. 11 we find this passage:—

Cumque Edwardus pertransisset Sabaudiam, Comes *Kabilanensis* eum ad ludum militarem, qui vulgo "torneamentum" dicitur, invitavit.

This comes from Nicholas Trivet (p. 285, Hog):—

Transiit vero Sabaudiam ad ludum militem, qui vulgo torneamentum dicitur, per *Kabilanensem* comitem invitatur.

On this Mr. Hog, the editor of Trivet, adds a note:—"Properly 'Catalanensem,' i.e. Chalons." Mr. Riley, adapting the case to his author's text, and slightly improving Mr. Hog's English, says:—"Properly *Catalanensis*, 'of Chalons.'"

Now, with all deference to Mr. Hog and Mr. Riley, any such change would be very improper. It does sometimes happen that mediæval chroniclers, and even copyists, knew better than their modern editors. *Catalani* is one place—namely, Chalons on the Marne; and *Cabillonum* is another—namely, Chalons or Chalon on the Saône. Now the Count spoken of was not *Catalensis*, or Count of Chalon on the Marne, but *Cabillonensis*, or Count of Chalon on the Saône. The county of Chalon on the Saône, if famous nowhere else, is spoken of more than once in Joinville's *Life of Saint Louis*, and the succession of its Counts may be made out with some difficulty by an unusually diligent study of the *Art de vérifier les Dates*. Nothing can be plainer than which Chalons is meant, for both Trivet and Walsingham go on directly to speak of the combatants as *Burgundiones*. Who was Count of Chalon at this moment we would not undertake to say off-hand, as the changes and transferences of the county, like Burgundian history in general, are not a little perplexing. But as to the meaning of the words *Comes Kabilanensis*, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.

LIFE OF BISHOP BLOMFIELD.*

A BOOK that bears on its title-page the startling announcement that a Fellow of All Souls*, a ripe scholar, and the son of a Bishop, has undertaken the charge of a district perhaps the most miserable, and beyond doubt the most neglected hitherto, of the region of East London, prepares us for the equally paradoxical fact that a son has, for once, written a really good life of his father. The fact, however, is beyond question. The life is a thoroughly honest and faithful one, and very amusing, in spite of the reticences which his relationship must often have imposed upon him. It gives a reliable account of the Bishop's actions as they were intended by him, not concealing his occasional failures and mistakes, and touching everything with a reverent and loving hand. One may praise or blame the Bishop at the end, as one pleases, but there can be no two opinions about the biographer. He is just the person by whom an honest man would wish to have his life written. We do not mean to say that the *Life* will take its place beside such a biography as Stanley's *Arnold*. The legitimate interest of a "life" varies directly with the greatness of the hero; and it would be an artistic mistake were it so written as to do otherwise. We cannot, therefore, assign to the *Life* of Bishop Blomfield the highest place among biographies; but it deserves very hearty commendation notwithstanding. Not only is the work itself well done, but, after all deductions, Bishop Blomfield was, in many respects, a remarkable man. To a very great extent he was the moving power of the English Church at a time of very serious danger. That she emerged out of the Reform crisis, not only unenfeebled, but even stronger and more elastic than in any previous age of her existence, is very largely due to the late Bishop of London, and to the laymen whose work he called forth and utilized. He made, in our judgment, many and grave mistakes,

and the results of them, in one or two instances, are likely to have an abiding and most unfortunate influence. But we ought not to think wholly of what might have been better, and nothing of what might have been very far worse. It is true, the Church might have had her Cathedrals really restored to their place in her system, but then also she might have had her system itself overturned, and the Cathedrals maintained only by an annual grant from Parliament as national monuments or spiritual old-curiosity shops. If the Bishop, again, had been a greater man, it is almost certain that he would have done less, or done worse. In a mediocre age he was considerably above mediocrity, and had capacity enough to raise his brethren to a higher level, almost because he was not removed too far above them.

We propose at present to say a few words about that part of the Bishop's life on which we think too little is said by his biographer. His happiest years, we venture to say, were those when he was known as a scholar, i.e. the time that extended from his birth to about his fortieth year. He had then sent out his last play of *Æschylus*, and was entering upon his episcopal life—just embarking on a sea of troubles with which he was by no means so well fitted to contend as he was to work his way through academic and literary amenities and their opposites. He was born in 1786, at Bury St. Edmund's, where his father and grandfather had long kept a private school of some distinction in its time. Lord Bristol, his earliest patron, and the children of the principal county families were educated there. Charles James, however, was early sent to the somewhat renowned grammar-school of the place. He was a weakly boy from infancy. His schoolfellows nicknamed him "Tit" Blomfield, with more of prophecy than often attends this sort of play-ground distinction. A little of the *tit* element remained in him through life, and cropped out inconveniently now and then. It is a misfortune, no doubt; but great men have somehow been very commonly rather boisterous boys. Havelock had been nicknamed "the philosopher" at the Charterhouse, but he is almost a singular specimen. Now Blomfield was emphatically a "good" boy. He "got up at four or five in the morning to study modern languages, chemistry, and botany," besides his verses and themes; he made an electrical machine; he "made" poetry, also, in the vernacular, acted little plays with his schoolfellows, and was the delight of "a large family of brothers and sisters, all younger than himself" (this latter we take to have been a serious misfortune to him); he was, in short, the model good boy. In due time (1804) the good boy went to Cambridge, and entered on an academical career of unvarying prosperity. In 1805, he gained a scholarship at Trinity, and the prize for the Latin ode; in 1806, the Greek ode and the Craven Scholarship—his remembering and repeating from memory Porson's emendations of a corrupt chorus of *Æschylus* drawing from their author the compliment that "he was a very pretty scholar." In 1808, he came out Third Wrangler, with Lord Langdale for senior, and Sedgwick following him. His classics naturally gained him the Chancellor's Medal and the Members' (Latin) Prize; and a Fellowship of Trinity in 1809 complete his academical successes. How he read, those four or five years! In the first four months, at the rate of sixteen or eighteen hours a day, he devoured (probably to no great profit) Herodotus, Thucydides, all the tragedians, Aristophanes, and most of Cicero, with a daily interlude of Greek or Latin writing. Afterwards he read more slowly and more sensibly, but he was still so insatiable that somebody said to him, "Why, Charles Blomfield, if you were to drop from the sky, I believe you would come down with a book in your hand." An illness, of course, followed it all, the effects of which left him nervous for life, and perhaps account for a good deal which unkindly critics have visited rather harshly. He did not, however, wholly withdraw himself from society. A select coterie—the present Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Bishop Monk, Baron Alderson, Hustler, Sharpe, the younger Rennell, almost a Crichton in his way, and his own younger brother, "the Marcellus of letters"—was enough for relaxation; and the outer world of Cambridge, as Cambridge then was, could hardly be very inviting, either intellectually or morally. His fellowship he retained barely a year. Lord Bristol gave him the living of Quarrington (on which he never resided); he took the curacy of Chesterford, married, and took to editing *Æschylus* and taming pupils, on unusually remunerative terms.

His tastes as yet were wholly literary. The Mastership of Trinity was his aim in life, and *Æschylus*, he thought, the way to it. This latter and incomplete work, which occupied him at intervals during fifteen years of his life, has long been superseded; but the glossaries appended to each play, written at a time when the only available lexicon was the venerable folio of Scapula, were almost the beginning of the Philological School which has now ripened into Passow and Buttman abroad, and at home into "Scott and Liddell." Blomfield's scholarship was not remarkable, but his services to scholarship have scarcely had the credit they deserve. Up to the time of Porson, England had only produced one scholar, Bentley, and his learning died with him. Porson had done much for emending Greek texts, but little of what he might have done, and it seemed at one time as likely as not that he also would be succeeded by a century of Wakefields. Elmsley said at the time, "There are about ten men in England who really study the minutiae of Greek, and of these ten four or five do not write." We may almost enumerate them. Parr, Burney, Butler of Shrewsbury, and Tate of Richmond, were of the Porson generation, but were hardly likely of themselves to keep scholarship from growing mouldy. Of the new generation there were Maltby, Monk, Dobree,

* *A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1863.

Butler of Harrow, Elmsley, Kaye, Hookham Frere, the two Blomfields, and, perhaps, we ought to add Symmons, Wrangham, and Tweddell—"Gaisford (as the biographer tells us with accurate tact) standing rather apart in solitary dignity." These mainly kept alive the Porsonian traditions, and founded the English school of scholarship. But Charles Blomfield and Monk deserve especial credit, not simply for the good they did, but for the evil they extinguished. We who live in an age of Tischendorfs and Dindorfs, when manuscripts are worth their weight in gold, and a new reading wins its way into the text with almost the deliberate solemnity of a precedent into the Law Courts, or a Reform Bill into Parliament, can hardly understand what it is that we have been delivered from. To do so, we must transplant ourselves into a generation of patient souls that actually bought and read productions like Burges's *Supplices*, and in which a person, failing other claims to academic distinction, gravely edited classical authors under the title of "E. H. Barker, O.T.N.," these latter cabalistic letters being at last discovered to mean "Of Thetford, Norfolk." Yet gentry of this sort bade fair at one time to be the presiding geniuses of the new generation. Mr. Valpy's *Classical Journal* was their literary organ, and their *opus magnum* an edition of Stephanus which, had it proceeded as it commenced (the one article on *ἀγαλμα* occupied 139 columns), would have filled fifty volumes, and taken seventy years in the publication. It was only in 1820 that a review of Blomfield's in the *Quarterly* extinguished this monstrosity, and entitled the reviewer, as Lord Stowell told him, to a handsome piece of plate from the 1100 subscribers whose future guineas he saved.

The main agent in our literary salvation was the establishment by Blomfield, Monk, and a few others, of the *Museum Criticum*, and the extent to which it cleared the atmosphere is at this day almost incalculable. As a specimen of the work it had to do, and the way in which it did it, take the following, to which we have no difficulty in appending the initials C. J. B.:—

Mr. George Burges has written a new Greek play, which he entitles the *Supplices*. As it does not fall within our plan to criticize the classical compositions of modern authors, we shall abstain from any remarks on this ingenious production, and content ourselves with giving one specimen of his successful imitation of *Æschylus*.

Æsch. Suppl. 143, &c.

Θήλουσα δ' αὖ δίδουσαν ἀγὰν μ'
ἐπὶ αὐτῷ Διὸς κόρα
ἔχουσα σέμν' ἰνὸν πρὶ ἀσφαλῆς.
παντὶ δὲ σείνουσι, δι-
ωγμοῖσι δ' ἀσφαλῆας
ἀμύχτας ἀμύχτας
ῥύσιος γενίσθω.

BURGES.

Φιλοῦσα δ' αὖ εὐδοῦσαν ἀγὰν
-ἀν μ' ἐπὶ αὐτῷ Διὸς κόρα,
ἔχουσα σέμν' ἰνὸν πρὶ ἱς
φύλας, πάντα δ' ἀσύνετος, δῶγμ'
εἰς
ἀφελῆας· σὸ δ' αἶμα-
-ῆς ἀμύχτας ῥύσιος γενίσθω.

We rather think that *Æschylus* would have preferred *σὸ γενοῦ* to *σὸ γενίσθω*; but perhaps Mr. Burges remembered the precept, *see desilies imitator in arctum*, &c. The notes are equally remarkable for sound criticism, good feeling, and elegant Latinity.

Burges retorted with violence, and the war went on for years in "Museums" long forgotten; but it is pleasant to be told that when, many years afterwards, the Bishop of London "met his old opponent and spoke so kindly that Burges wrote and told him of his necessities, the Bishop set on foot a subscription for him, and afterwards procured for him from Lord Melbourne a pension of 100*l.* a-year."

Blomfield was eminently qualified for doing this sort of justice, all the more so because, as in the above instance, his literary wrath had in it no spice of personal unkindness. A kinder man never lived, but whatever may be the opposite of the *suaviter in modo* came uppermost perhaps too naturally; and an exuberant play of fancy, rising at times into real wit (as when he said of his friend, the Greek Gradus writer, on his outwitting the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, "Maltby won't allow an Abridgment of his Thesaurus"), supplied ready artillery both to pen and tongue. Many years afterwards, when ecclesiastical had taken the place of scholastic polemics in his mind, on the occasion of an attack upon the Church believed to have been made by Brougham, Archdeacon Blomfield maintained his character in as neat a piece of sarcasm as has often been written:—

The reviewer asks—"Who can pretend to doubt that religious instruction might be afforded far cheaper to the people than in either England or Ireland?" He seems to consider that religious instruction is a sort of staple commodity of invariable goodness, and that by a judicious application of the principles of political economy, a bargain may be made with the ministers of religion to do the people in theology at so much a head. But you, Sir, know perfectly well that if the instructor be meanly paid the instruction will fall proportionably in goodness, although the subject-matter of instruction may remain the same. I can with ease find a tailor who "can afford me my clothes far cheaper" than I am accustomed to get them; but if my coat hangs loosely upon me, and the seams give way, and the nap wears off in a week or two, I shall not gain by the exchange. I have seen, not long since, an advertisement in one of the papers of a classical tutor professing to teach the Greek language "according to the method of the late Professor Porson" in six lessons for one guinea. This is selling Greek at a much cheaper rate than that at which the public schools and universities can afford it; and, upon the reviewer's principles, I suppose we should soon have a "London Commercial Divinity Company," who would favour the public with religious instruction, unadulterated, at the lowest wholesale price.

But perhaps the secret of this inveterate rancour against the Establishment may be that which is well expressed in the Greek proverb:—

Ἀνὸς πεισούσης, πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλέεται.

When an oak falls, every man scuffles for a faggot.

Some great proprietor of coal-mines may, perhaps, anticipate with conscious delight the auspicious day—

When Troy shall fall—
And one prodigious ruin bury all—

when of the slices which shall be carved out of the patrimony of the See of Durham no inconsiderable share shall be added to his own territories, while you, perhaps, may carry to your tent something *ἀλγόν τε φίλον τε*, an estate or two from some other northern diocese. . . . Such are ever the disinterested statesmen who exclaim against the Church, "Babylon shall be overthrown," and who look to accomplish in their own persons the remainder of the prophecy, which declares that "her palaces shall be inhabited only by owls and satyrs."—From a "Remonstrance addressed to H. Brougham, Esq., by one of the 'working Clergy,'" 1823.

To those who remember the Durham controversy of the time this is, in its way, inimitable. Clear, clever, keen, caustic, and with a vein of pleasant kindness running all through his banter—such was Scholar Blomfield.

All this time the future Bishop's fortunes were being satisfactorily built up by the munificence of various patrons. He boasted once—though rather *mal-à-propos*—to a poor clergyman who was grumbling that he never had got a single thing he asked for, "And I never asked for anything I got." But he might have added that he never refused anything that was offered him, when, perhaps, a little more severe sense of duty would have counselled some self-abnegation. Quarrington, in Lincolnshire, was held with the curacy of Chesterford, in Cambridgeshire; then with the rectory of Dunton, a queer little place in Bucks, with seventy-two inhabitants, where the parish clerk was a female between seventy and eighty, who, being unable to read, when she stole the church communion plate, took it to the nearest pawnbroker's, in ignorance that the name of the parish was engraved upon it. Then he held Great and Little Chesterford, with Tuddenham, in Suffolk. When promoted to the rich living of Bishopsgate in 1820, and shortly after to the archdeaconry of Colchester, he still retained Great Chesterford; and when elevated to the (comparatively poor) see of Chester, he retained Bishopsgate. When a rather cross-looking picture of him was painted on his accession to the mitre, he said it might be supposed to be "inscribed, without permission, to the non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester." After making all allowance for the customs of the age, we venture to hope that it was conscience that persuaded him to keep the frowning prelate at home for the private admonition of the rector of Bishopsgate.

We must leave the episcopal life of Blomfield for another opportunity. As a scholar, his career was one of unmixed usefulness; and it should not be omitted that, wherever among his numerous parishes he did happen to reside, his presence was most beneficial, and his idea of the requirements of his office far beyond that which generally prevailed among his brethren. One of the customs of the age, by the way, his biography makes us amusingly acquainted with. While he was at Chesterford, it was the permanent annoyance of every Easter Day that a stream of carriages was passing through the village, giving it the appearance, and too much of the reality, of a noisy fair, while conveying the racing men of the day to Newmarket. It was only slowly that the Jockey Club was induced to alter the first day of the meeting to Easter Tuesday. The Duke of York, when applied to on the subject by Bishop Howley, declined to alter his practice, but added that, "Though it was true he travelled to the races on Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage!" This is as near perfection of its kind as anything we remember.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HENRI IV.

THE volume before us is a valuable essay on a most interesting period of English history. The subject-matter of it is the embassy of M. Hurault de Maisse to the Court of Queen Elizabeth in the years 1597-98. The manuscripts of the ambassador's despatches and diaries are preserved in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris; they have been carefully examined by M. Prévost-Paradol, and the result of his labours is embodied in a well-written and scholarlike volume. The author, like most French writers of the school of opinion to which he belongs, has been a diligent student of English history; and though he is by no means an Anglomaniac, we are constrained to admit that his criticisms are as friendly as they are sound and judicious. But in dealing with this period of history—a period so glorious for France, when the religious wars had been concluded, and a general pacification was finally effected by the wisdom and vigour of Henri IV.—M. Prévost-Paradol cannot help expressing his regret at that break in the great traditions of his country which was the fatal result of the Revolution. As an educated and liberal French writer, he does not fail to perceive the gain to French society which was secured by the success of the principles of 1789, however much that triumph may have been disgraced by excesses and crimes; but, at the same time, he cannot but lament that a violent spasm interrupted the continuity of the national life and history of France. Whilst the English still follow the red-cross banner under which they fought centuries ago, the French have given up the flag of Joan of Arc, of St. Louis, and of Henri IV. In French history, the past is absolutely severed from the present; whilst, in the

* *Elizabeth et Henri IV., 1595-98.* Par M. Prévost-Paradol. Michel Lévy Frères. Paris: 1862.

history of England, the thoughtful student can trace the gradual but continuous development of individual and political liberty. From the time of Elizabeth, in spite of civil wars and of grievous errors committed on all sides, the national life remained intact, historical traditions were preserved, ancient precedents were followed, and the England of 1688 was still the England of the last of the Tudors. France did not enjoy equal good fortune. Her civil wars led to the establishment of a splendid despotism, which produced the Revolution and became its victim. Yet, at the time when Henri IV. promulgated the Edict of Nantes, it might have been assumed that each nation had equal chances of a legitimate political development. There was no very obvious reason why one country should become an example to be followed, and the other a beacon to be avoided by every civilized community.

The first half of M. Paradol's volume is an essay on the state of England during the latter years of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In his estimate of the government and the country, he follows Macaulay rather than Hume, and is disposed to consider the Tudor system, with all its faults and with the half civilization of both the Court and the people, as having been eminently popular and national. The notion of Hume was that the monarchy of England in the sixteenth century was little short of an absolute despotism. It would no doubt seem to be so if it were reinstated in the present age, but it is now made out, on the best historical evidence, that under the last of the Tudors the great mass of the English people enjoyed a degree of social and political freedom which placed them far above any of the Continental nations, with the exception, perhaps, of the States of Holland. The Queen's supremacy was exercised mildly, compared with the spiritual tyranny which prevailed in Spain and in the countries ruled by Catholic princes. Moreover, neither the Crown nor its great feudatories possessed the power to commit acts of oppression to the same extent as in other parts of Europe. The despotic authority of the Queen weighed heavily enough upon her Ministers and courtiers, but the country at large did not feel the caprice and tyranny which were so unhesitatingly displayed at Whitehall. In contests with foreign enemies, and in suppressing Irish rebellions, the Queen might count on the generous support of her subjects, but there were no forces at her disposal, and she was too sagacious to attempt to extend her authority at the risk of provoking an obstinate, if not a successful, resistance. During her long reign, society became consolidated and cultivation extended; no foreign enemy set foot within her dominions; the general prosperity of the country increased as it never had done before, and England and English policy possessed a powerful influence in the councils of Europe. An epoch so glorious in the history of a nation could hardly have been the work of a despotism, however enterprising and intelligent. It was the legitimate meed of a vigorous race relying on its own strength, and gradually advancing in the paths of law and freedom.

The narrative before us of De Maise's embassy is an interesting sample of the diplomacy of the sixteenth century, yet we are disposed to regret that M. Paradol has given us so little of the original journals. Though his own observations are well worth reading, his book would have been more satisfactory had it contained more copious extracts from the acute and quaint despatches of the French envoy. De Maise arrived in England on the 2nd of December, 1597, with the object of inducing the English Government to concur in the plans for a general pacification which had become a matter of paramount necessity to Henri IV. The religious wars with the Huguenots had been happily brought to an end by the King of France on conditions which Elizabeth herself admitted to be equitable for the Protestant interest. But France was absolutely exhausted by the fierce and protracted conflict. Philip II. was no less anxious for peace, and the terms on which he was willing to treat satisfied Henri IV. But France, and England, and the States of Holland were engaged in an alliance against Spain. The Dutch were disinclined to peace because they believed the Spaniards to be utterly exhausted. The English Government hoped to find in the cession of some fortress on the Continent a compensation for their sacrifices in the cause of the alliance. Henri IV. alone was bent upon making peace. The negotiations with the English Government were entrusted to Hurault de Maise, and the instructions given to him by Henri IV. show the importance attached by that sovereign to the English alliance. The ambassador was enjoined to express the King's gratitude for the aid which had enabled him to recover Amiens, and to point out how the King, on having been solicited by Philip to make peace, had declared that the decision must rest with his allies. Henri IV. only wished to know the intentions of the Queen. De Maise was not to advert to the intrigues which it was believed were being carried on by Elizabeth with the French Protestant leaders, but was expressly told to assure her that articles were in course of preparation which would satisfy all their demands. But the English Court was to be informed how necessary it was for France that peace should be speedily concluded. The instructions were couched in such careful phraseology, and given with such apparent sincerity, that even the veteran diplomatist was at fault, and on taking leave of the King was obliged to beg him—

De lui déclarer ouvertement son intention et ce qu'il estimoit estre le plus pour le bien de son service, ou de procurer la paix ou de continuer la guerre, non pour autre raison sinon pour pouvoir se conformer le plus qu'il pourroit, en traitant avec les Anglois, à ce qui seroit de la volonté et inclination de

Sa Majesté. Sur quoi le roy, après y avoir quelque temps pensé, dict qu'il estoit résolu à la paix et qu'il la vouloit.

It was with these very explicit instructions that the French envoy reached London. On landing in a country that had for so many years been unvisited by war, he was greatly struck with the evidence of wealth and prosperity that met him on all sides. The public establishments were maintained in full efficiency, and the public business was conducted with a regularity that in his eyes contrasted strangely with the state of things in France. Henri IV. was for ever borrowing money to keep his troops together, and De Maise was as much astonished as a reader of modern history might be to learn that the English Government was not in debt. He was no less impressed with the magnitude of the resources of the country and the economy with which they were husbanded. At this time England maintained a considerable number of troops in France and the Low Countries. There was a large garrison in Ireland, and a respectable force on the frontier of Scotland. The fleet—it was the year of Essex's expedition to Spain—was numerous and well-appointed. Everywhere there were signs of power well organized, and of wealth judiciously applied. De Maise also expressed his admiration of the numerous educational foundations to which nothing similar at that time existed on the Continent. Ireland was the one misfortune and difficulty of the Queen's Government. Her best troops wasted away, and the Exchequer was exhausted in endeavours to reduce to submission the half-savage Irish. De Maise, probably, is only speaking the truth when he says that the English and the Queen would like to see Ireland at the bottom of the sea.

On the 8th of December, after an intentional delay of some days, the Queen received the French ambassador, who presented letters from Henri IV. and explained the purpose of his mission. Several interviews followed, but without any decision being arrived at on the part of Elizabeth. It may be that the English Government was not really anxious for peace. It was probably indifferent to the exhaustion of Henri's resources, and the nation was extremely anxious to recover Calais. The Queen, therefore, declined to enter into any positive engagement, though most profuse in her expressions of personal regard and friendship for the French Sovereign. But an important advantage was at length secured. The States of Holland had announced their intention to send a mission to France to treat of peace with Spain. A similar resolution was at length taken by the English Government. De Maise records the conversations with the Queen and her Council which led to these results. They are a curious specimen of the manner in which affairs of State were conducted.

At length, finding that nothing more could be done, he determined to return home. He had a last audience, at which he took leave of the Queen, who, as usual, expressed herself with studied ambiguity, dwelling upon the difficulties of her own position and on the fidelity with which she had observed her engagements with other princes. In her last Parliament, she said, there had been complaints that all the treasures of England and her own had been sent abroad to go into Flanders and France, that Englishmen were sent to die abroad when they ought to be kept at home for the defence of the country, and that in two or three years more than twenty thousand men had been lost; and then, seeming to be affected herself at the complaints which she repeated, she added—"Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi." Then, recurring to herself, she declared that she too had troubles of her own. The King, who asked her to place herself in his position, ought to put himself in hers. In the midst of her own troubles, she had ever assisted the King in all his difficulties—she had helped him with money as well as with troops. There never was a sovereign who had acted as she had without receiving any guarantee, and without demanding the cession of cities as pledges for repayment. What she had lent had not been repaid, and, worse still—alluding, of course, to Calais—that which was hers was not restored. De Maise was charged to report her words to his master, and at the same time to assure him of her good will and unalterable affection for him.

The next day he wrote to France to announce the termination of his mission, his approaching departure, and his reasons for not endeavouring uselessly to force the Queen to declare herself against her will, and for making no further demands. In a subsequent despatch to the king he says:—

La nécessité porte votre Majesté à la paix; la crainte et la défiance conduisent les États à la guerre; et la Reine ne désire à bon escient ni l'un ni l'autre; mais elle veut voir ses voisins embrouillés et cependant faire ses affaires. Sur ces trois fondements si divers, je ne sais quel édifice on pourra bâtir.

His departure determined on, he paid his last visits to Burleigh and Essex. The former characteristically dwelt on two subjects—the peace, and the repayment of the advances made to the King of France. Essex seemed to him to be greatly cast down, and sensible of the dangers which surrounded him. In truth, De Maise seems to have had a considerable insight into the characters of the men he had to deal with, and to have understood thoroughly the position of affairs at the English Court. The accounts of his reception by the Queen, and his appreciation of her character, bear the marks of accurate observation, and his despatches show that he was a man of very considerable ability and decision.

DESERT TOPOGRAPHY AS DONE AT HOME.*

IT is rather dry work comparing topographical notices on obscure regions in any locality, but it must be drier still travelling the desert to verify those of Southern Palestine. Yet so universal is the interest attaching to the Holy Land that not a few travellers have carried their researches into the most unpromising portion of its area, as it appears at first sight, for new localizations of the Scriptural names. The great difficulty in the prosecution of this pursuit has hitherto been the want of a basis of operations. The Convent commonly, although erroneously, named that of "St. Catherine," is quite inadequate for a traveller who wishes to bring the aids of scientific appliance to bear on the work of exploring, and without those aids he is likely to leave the most interesting questions where he found them. The sentence pronounced by Professor Stanley on the monks will probably be confirmed by that of every intelligent judge:—"In one of the most interesting and the most sacred regions of the earth, hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which in all its aspects has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries." This, combined with the unsettled state of the neighbouring countries under the rule of the late Sultan, is perhaps the reason why so little result seems to have followed the formation of a society for the express purpose of investigating Biblical antiquities on the scenes of the events themselves. We have had, since then, the visit of the Prince of Wales, necessarily rapid and cursory, although fruitful of great opportunities at Hebron, and perhaps at one or two other points; and one traveller has recorded from personal testimony the celebration of their day of atonement by the Samaritan community. But beyond these partial records, no original journals have very recently appeared. Hence, there is no resource for those who wish to make further progress in these topographical questions but to sit at home and "cook" the accounts of travellers already familiar to us, and to distil "views" of their own from such materials. This is no useless task, however, provided the *granum salis* be thrown into the cookery, and the occasion be not made one of mere speculative ingenuity. The great difficulty is, to know where to rein in the Pegasus of conjecture, and to approach the task without credulity or caprice. It is this last which constitutes the favourite fault of most of our topographers, and no region offers such facilities for its exercise as the desert through which the Israelites passed on their way from Egypt to Canaan, and the debatable outlying southern frontier of their subsequent possession in the latter.

We have before us three treatises, two of them pamphlets or magazine articles, and the third a small volume. The object of the two former is to ascertain, or approximate to, the sites of Midian, Kadesh, Mount Hor, and Sinai. As a specimen of the discretion exercised by the first author, Dr. Beke, we will only mention that he wishes to place Midian to the east of the Dead Sea and the Ghôr—at the distance, that is, of full two hundred miles in a straight line from Suez; so that Moses, in fleeing thither and returning thence, would have had a journey of a fortnight either way. In the same remote eastern region he would place Sinai, Mount Hor, and the desert sites between Sinai and Canaan. It is true that he endeavours to make a distinction between Egypt and the "Mitzraim" of Scripture; but, as he does not attempt to place the latter nearer to his supposed Midian than the "extreme north-eastern portion of Lower Egypt," the distance remains precisely what we have said. It is generally allowed that Moses describes the Israelites as crossing the Gulf of Suez; but, in order to render tenable his conjecture of a remotely eastern Midian and a Sinai somewhere in the land of Edom or Moab, he ought to assume a "Mitzraim" somewhere eastward of the popular Sinai, and take the people over the Gulf of Akabah, the eastern horn of the Red Sea. It is, perhaps, amusing to observe that this writer offers his suggestions to Bishop Colenso as affording a solution of some of the difficulties which have embarrassed that prelate's acceptance of the Mosaic narrative. For Dr. Colenso to find a relief in Dr. Beke would be "to swallow a camel" after "straining out" his "gnat."

Our next writer produced his speculations in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, April 1860, and, though his revision proceeds by less colossal strides, he yet overrules previously received opinions as summarily as the former one. He is the only writer we have met with who, not content with the choice between existing natural features, has interpolated a mountain in the map of the desert in order to have a wholly original Sinai. He is probably unconscious of this violent correction of existing authorities; but he will search Kiepert's and Russegger's maps in vain (those generally deemed the best for this region, as Van de Velde's does not go far enough southward) for such a central boss of mountain dominating the range of *et-Tih* as he has developed there from the surface of the desert—or, as he himself describes it, a "conspicuous peak," "visible from the plain," and "which in ordinary parlance might be called the summit." This he calls the Jebel er-Ojmah.

*A few Words with Bishop Colenso on the Exodus of the Israelites and the Position of Mount Sinai. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. &c. &c. London and Edinburgh: 1862.

Sinai, Kadesh, and Mount Hor; an Essay from the *Journal of Sacred Literature*. April, 1860.

The "Negéb" or South Country of Scripture. By the Rev. Edward Wilton, M.A. Oxon. London and Cambridge: 1863.

Russegger's *Travels*, however, (iii. 60-1) place beyond doubt the question what the "er-Ojmah," or, as he calls it, "Edjme," really is—a higher plateau, reached by a steep ascent up a wall-like range of mountain. All the lines seem horizontal, and exactly suit the well-known (to desert travellers) blanched tabular aspect described by Professor Stanley as characterizing *et-Tih*. There is no approach to boss or peak outside the southern granitic block of the *Tûr*, or "Peninsula of Sinai," as commonly called, until we get to Mount Seir and *Modrah*, on the desert's eastern side. Of course this writer has a new "Mount Hor," and a "Kadesh" of his own, based on the apparent or real coincidence of certain Arabic with Scriptural names. But his Kadesh is in a site inconsistent with any view save his own of Mount Hor and the rest of the wandering. Now Mount Hor, as generally accepted, is one of the few sites as to which there seems no reasonable doubt. It has a higher antiquity in its favour than any other of which anything is known. The language of Josephus regarding it is unequivocal, and the spot he means unmistakable. And, if it was the received site in his day, there is no period in history, up to the time of the Maccabees, at which a forged tradition is at all likely to have won its way. It is possible that, on the Idumeans, then lately driven from their Edomitish haunts to the southern border of Judea, being received into the covenant by the Maccabean conquerors, a bias in favour of Mount Seir might have been imported into the teaching of the Scribes. But then the existing tradition exactly harmonizes with the Mosaic statements, which describe Mount Hor as lying "by the coast" (border) or "in the edge of" the "land of Edom."

The great *crux* of desert topography is, however, Kadesh. Whether there were one or two localities so called, whether the Israelites visited Kadesh once or twice, whether the name be that of a region as well as of a city, and what is the meaning of the mysterious surname "Barnea," may be regarded as all open questions, and likely to continue so for some time to come. The discovery of a noble basin and picturesque mass of rock, with water abundantly gushing, and the name of 'Ain Kudeis, by Messrs. Rowlands and Williams, seemed, at first sight, to strike quite home, and set the matter at rest. But it was soon perceived, on further scrutiny, that it failed to satisfy some of the conditions of the problem without unsettling more than it settled. For instance, it is not easy to reconcile it with any line of march which shall take in Mount Hor, nor with the attempt of the Israelites to advance by force, their repulse, and the assault of "King Arad the Canaanite," all which are best conceived as being on one of the lines of ascent not far south-west of the Dead Sea, from the head of the 'Arabah to Hebron—probably that by the pass *es-Sûfa* and thence to the *Tel-Arad*, one of the best known sites on the map. Perhaps, however, the name may be viewed as a token of the prevalence of the designation "Kadesh" within a certain radius of the wilderness, and, while not itself a solution, may be one of those approximations which really help to solve.

Recognising these difficulties, the last of our authorities, and certainly the least rash of them, Mr. Wilton, adopting the *Ain Kudeis* aforesaid as Kadesh, erects *Modrah*—a well-defined, isolated, conical mountain, about two days' journey to the south-west of the Dead Sea—into a new Mount Hor. And, if we understand him aright, he suggests a new track for Israel right across the high mountain terrace of the 'Azazimeh, avoiding all facilities and intensifying all the difficulties of the route; unless he means to take them round the western side, in which case the region, although less rugged, would still be nearly waterless, save in the rainy season, and the route would be hard to reconcile with the probable sites of Hazeroth and Kibroth-Hattaavah, which there is the best reason for supposing lay near the sea, i.e. the Gulf of Akabah. But, besides this, a route so far to the west would bring Israel close to the land of the Philistines, which, we know, they were to avoid; and, indeed, the author himself lays down in his map the "Valley of Gerar" within half a day's journey of the march station, "Kithmah." And his site for Zephath, and the line of probable advance from there, is even more open to this objection; not to mention that from Zephath northwards is, by his map, a descent, and those forced back from this Zephath southwards would be driven uphill, whereas it is plain that the Israelites in their attack in Numb. xiv. 45 (comp. Judg. i. 17), were seeking to carry an ascent against those who held the higher ground. In his map, they must, without opposition, have got over the whole barrier of plateau in order to be repulsed from the plain up the slope from which they descended.

This map is, as regards the configuration of the country, a bold step forward beyond anything we have hitherto seen. But what is the authority for breaking the plateau of the 'Azazimeh into two members, and driving a broad trough, as well defined as the Valley of Esdraelon in Middle Palestine, right through it? Our scepticism rises when we see this novel depression labelled by our author the "Wilderness of Zin." This, we fear, is somewhat on a par with the Ojmah-Sinai of the previously named author. To learn credibly where this mysterious region "Zin" is, would indeed be a most acceptable addition to our existing information; but we fear this hap-hazard method of forcing a site will rather retard than advance the Biblical student and scientific topographer.

To return to Kadesh. It has fluctuated over about sixty miles of desert, in the guesses of explorers or the traditions of the Talmud. The latter—whom Professor Stanley, against the testimony of Josephus, has followed—are, we believe, the oldest authority in favour of Petra. Miriam, we know, died in Kadesh. Josephus says (*Antiq.* iv. 4, § 6, 7) that she was buried on a mountain which

they call Sin, and adds, that after the mourning and purification for her death, Moses caused the host to march through the desert until they came to Arke, now Petra. This plainly testifies that Kadesh in his view was not Petra. Neither could the Israelites, if holding Petra, have asked Edom for leave to pass through, since they would then hold the keys of the country; nor could Petra be described, situated as it is in the heart of Mount Seir, as "a city in the uttermost" of "the border" of Edom. This is the furthest position which has been assigned to it south-eastwards; but north-westwards it has been placed as high up as the Roman Elusa, a site far within the southern frontier of Judah. When will ingenious conjecturers be content to let a puzzle stand over till the necessary researches have been made?

We come back, however, to our original difficulty—an adequate basis of operations. We would mention that an adventurous British officer, we believe a Scotch major of the Highland Brigade, has picketted himself, probably with some commission or protection from the Pacha of Egypt, at a spot of the Sinaitic desert called *el-Hhadem*. He is trying what can be got from the soil; and, when last seen, he had elicited, not oat-meat, but turquoises, in sufficient abundance to induce him to persevere. He may possibly repeat the experiment of Sir James Brooke further east; or, at any rate, by the honest imperiousness and punctuality of *bakshesh*, which affects so powerfully the Oriental mind, may pave the way for a further extension and concentration of the somewhat desultory researches which have hitherto been made in the desert. Perhaps his nerves would be a little shaken at the sight of a string of camels, packed with theodolites, telescopes, and *savants* in green spectacles and umbrellas, sticking fast in the thickets of "shittim-wood," and asking the loan of a travelling chronometer. But we are not without hope of its being found possible, by an "arrangement," to form a dépôt of needful stores, including bitter-beer in goat-skins, in the ancient barrack of the Pharaohs, which he is said to tenant. The Pacha himself, too, was lately pushing a mountain road right through the granite towards the heart of the peninsula, but it probably will stop at the Convent, if it ever gets so far. Still, there is what might attract some Englishmen—a prospect of game and climbing. Partridge, quail (in abundance as at the Exodus), jerboa, ibex, and an occasional leopard or hyæna, would make up a bag to gratify a versatile taste. Without waiting till the "Suez Canal" carries their yachts to Jeddah, some Britons might, in the desert, find greater attractions than they occasionally go farther to seek.

THE ART-WEALTH OF ENGLAND.*

UNDER this title we welcome the *libro d'oro* of the unrivalled exhibition of art treasures which was brought together at the South Kensington Museum last summer. From the nine thousand specimens of every imaginable branch of decorative art there assembled, Mr. Robinson, the able and energetic superintendent of the Art Collections in that Museum, has selected fifty works as being the most remarkable of their kind and the most deserving of photographic illustration. We know of no one better qualified to make this choice than Mr. Robinson, and we are very glad that it fell to him rather than to ourselves to institute this competitive examination of *chefs-d'œuvres*, and to "place" the first fifty of the friendly rivals. It is both easier and pleasanter to criticize his decision than to exercise the judicial function ourselves. Happily, Mr. Robinson's selection, though in some cases we should have changed it, is so judicious generally that we may safely say that no undeserving specimen has carried off a prize. All these fifty works, which are chosen on the most eclectic principle, are well worth description and illustration. But there are some others, forgotten among the undistinguished crowd, which still more merited a place among the chosen few of this splendid volume. Their possessors will doubtless grumble at the omission; but their disappointment was unavoidable. We congratulate the fortunate minority whose treasures are immortalized by Messrs. Robinson and Thurston Thompson. This thin folio, with its dainty letterpress and its exquisite photographic plates, will find its place in all art-libraries, and will hand down to posterity the memory of that most beautiful but vanished pageant—the Loan Exhibition of 1862.

No one will dispute the claim of Lord Folkestone's Chair of State, in wrought and chiselled iron, to occupy the place of honour in the collection. This work is inscribed with the name and date of the artist, one Thomas Ruker, 1574; and is believed to have been presented by the city of Augsburg to the Emperor Rudolph II. It is not too much to say that this iron chair was, to most visitors of the Exhibition, a revelation of a new form of art. The fact was unknown, or had been forgotten, that such delicate statuettes and pierced friezes of groups, in such deep relief as to be almost in the round, had been ever wrought in chiselled iron. The workmanship is really marvellous, and the technical difficulty of undercutting in such a material is almost inconceivable. The design itself, however, as distinguished from the execution, is somewhat debased, as might be guessed from the date. The Last Judgment and Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, Achilles and Briseis, Ulysses and Penelope, and a long procession of a Roman

triumph, are all mixed together. Compared with the craft of this almost unknown artist, the most elaborate workmanship of our modern metallurgists is rude and mean. The curious Henri Deux ware, of which the majority of known existing specimens were brought together in the exhibition, was always a favourite with the public in the Museum. Mr. Robinson has done well in choosing three specimens of this very rare *faience* for illustration. He has given the famous "Biberon" or water-pot—a vessel of indescribable shape, and (it must be confessed) of most questionable utility—from the well-known collection of Mr. Fountaine at Narford Hall. That the monogram A. M. means the Constable Anne de Montmorency is, perhaps, less certain than the editor thinks. The "Candlestick" (16), from the same collection, may be more safely credited to the Constable, as it bears his arms. The best of the three Henri Deux examples is (25) Sir Anthony de Rothschild's "Ewer" or "Aiguère." The design of this peculiar ware is always so fantastic that a verbal description of any specimen is impossible. Hence the special value of these exact photographic copies. It is noted that the last-mentioned Ewer was bought at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842 for 19*l.* 9*s.* It is valued now at 1200*l.*, but would doubtless fetch a much larger sum were it to come to the hammer.

A silver-gilt processional cross, of the richest Gothic fifteenth century work, formerly in the Soltikoff Collection, but now belonging to the Duke of Aumale, is the next subject. This is a specimen of most exquisitely delicate detail, and is supposed to be of French workmanship. It is richly enamelled, and covered with foliage and tabernacle-work, and adorned with numerous statuettes, and set with jewels. It is rather to be regretted that its outline is somewhat confused in the photograph by the shadow which it casts on the sheet behind it. Less worthy of a place in this selection is the bronze statuette of Samson armed with the jaw-bone and slaying a Philistine, inscribed with the name of Adrian Fries, 1612, a pupil of John of Bologna. But the New College Salt-cellar, in silver-gilt, a noble specimen of English goldsmith's work in 1493, is far more welcome and more instructive to our modern artists. It is of pure Gothic design, and the whole ornamentation is *repoussé* with great spirit and originality. Rather later in date, about 1550, is the Falcon Cup from Clare Hall, Cambridge. This is also silver-gilt, an austere-looking falcon, as stiff as an eagle-letter in a church, standing upright with its talons grasping an oblong coffer. This too, of course, is of *repoussé* work, finished with the graving-tool, and is supposed to be of German origin. It is not a little curious to observe the combination, in this cup, of the old conventional shape and design with some of the new Renaissance ornamentation in the pedestal. The next specimen of art-workmanship in the precious metals shows a further stage in the decline of the earlier principles of design. Here the general outline is still mediæval, but the decoration is wholly of the arabesque of the Renaissance. It is a standing cup, with a cover, also of German work, like the last, but thirty years later in date—the property of the Duke of Hamilton. The name of "Georgen Roemer, an. 1580," is inscribed; but it is doubtful whether that person was the maker, or the first owner of this beautiful work of art. Mr. Robinson would fain identify it, by internal evidence, with the style of the famous Augsburg goldsmith, Christopher Jamnitzer. Christ's College, Cambridge, contributes the next example—a beautiful silver-gilt standing cup and cover, of fifteenth century English workmanship. Charming *repoussé* ornaments of oak, vine, and rose leaves, in diagonal bands, enrich this graceful design. It is called, traditionally, the "Foundress's Cup;" and it bears, within the bowl, in translucent enamel, a shield with the arms of the good lady Margaret. The same college sends another cup, of different design, but, like the last, a present from the royal foundress. It is beautifully diapered in a diagonal fret with the Tudor rose, the portcullis, and the fleur-de-lys, and is identified as English workmanship of the year 1507 by the plate-mark, a small *k* in black letter. Six or seven years older, as determined by the hall-mark, is the "Leigh Cup," belonging to the Mercers' Company. This is a so-called grace cup, richly chased with the insignia of the Company, and bearing, in bands of blue enamel with letters of silver, one of those inconceivably stupid and clumsy rhyming epigraphs in which our forefathers delighted;—to wit, "To ellect the master of the Mercerie hither am I sent, And by Sir Thomas Legh for the same intent." Were it not for the hall-mark, a Roman capital *B* of 1579, we should have assigned Sir Stephen Glynne's cup to an earlier date. Not only is this in the shape of a "Pelican in her Piety," as it is called, but the shape and the style of chasing are of the stiffest kind. On the other hand, there is scarcely a trace of Gothic style or sentiment in the English-made "Ewer and Salver" (22 and 23), belonging to the Duke of Rutland. The hall-marks fix these works as products of the years 1579 and 1581 respectively. The ewer itself is of agate, with bands and mountings of silver gilt. All the work is *repoussé*, but the subjects are suggested by the fanciful imagination of the Renaissance, being made up of masks, terminal figures, tritons, monsters, serpent-tailed men, and the like. It is both curious and instructive to compare with these the still finer Rose-water Ewer and Salver, of Italian Cinque Cento style, belonging to Lord Cowper. Mr. Robinson assigns these to some Florentine artist working about 1574, and argues that their workmanship is superior to any known work of Benvenuto Cellini. We believe that he is right; but it is a rather bold thing to venture to disparage Cellini's world-wide reputation. So, again, Mr. Robinson does not even condescend to name that artist in

* *The Art-Wealth of England.* A Series of Photographs representing fifty of the most remarkable Works of Art, contributed on Loan to the Special Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, 1862. Selected and described by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. The Photographs by C. Thurston Thompson. London: Colnaghi, Scott, & Co.

connexion with Mr. Beresford Hope's still more beautiful gold-mounted and jewelled Sardonyx Ewer (44). This splendid specimen of Italian sixteenth-century work (which is said to have belonged to the Crown jewels of France before the first Revolution) is more daring and original in its design than the other two last described. The vigorous dragon-shaped handle and the nude female figure enamelled in gold, with a zone of diamonds and rubies, reclining under the lip of the ewer, are beyond praise. Returning to English art in the precious metals, which is illustrated more fully than any other branch in this volume, we find a pair of silver-gilt flagons, dated 1634, belonging to the Corporation of Bristol. These are honestly wrought, but ungraceful in form and coarse in decoration. Far better in these respects is the "Royal Oak Cup," dated 1676, belonging to the Barber Surgeons of London, which seems quite modern in feeling, though the chasing is still of the legitimate kind. Finally, there is a costly silver-gilt salver, well enough designed by Stothard, and executed by Rundell and Bridge in 1814. But this plateau, which is (we believe) cast and not chased, scarcely deserves admission into the series.

Photography utterly fails to give any adequate representation of the delicacy and refinement of old Sèvres porcelain—such, for instance, as the Queen's Vase à Mât and Rose de Barry Vase, in which form is quite subordinate to colour. Ivories, on the other hand, as depending solely upon form, may be copied very well by this process. Witness Mr. Napier's Flemish seventeenth-century tankard, with its bold mythological carvings; the delicious Triptych belonging to Mr. Morland, from the Soltikoff Collection, carved with scriptural groups, in the French style of the thirteenth century; Mr. Howard's ivory crook of a pastoral staff, of English workmanship of the fourteenth century (though this is rather rude and inelegant); and the same gentleman's Grace Cup (46)—a work of the fifteenth century, absurdly named after Thomas à Becket. As specimens of other forms of art, we may mention a good example of English Renaissance in Mr. Sanford's rock-crystal candlesticks, of Elizabethan date; the Duke of Buccleugh's bronze ewer of Italian Cinque Cento style; the curious Shrine of St. Monaghan, adorned with champ-levé enamels, an early Irish work of the twelfth century; some rococo specimens of late French art, and a single specimen of damascening in a French clock-case, made (apparently) for Diane de Poitiers.

The terracotta busts, modelled and coloured from life, attracted much notice in the Exhibition. Mr. Robinson has photographed two of his own, representing the father and mother of Charles V., besides Lord Taunton's powerful bust of Lorenzo de' Medici, and one belonging to the Queen, representing a Laughing Girl, evidently of German origin. Boxwood carving is illustrated by two or three plates, of which by far the most interesting is Lord de Lisle's English Triptych, a good fifteenth-century work. A boxwood statuette, of a nude aged man, ascribed to Albert Dürer himself, belonging to the Rev. Walter Sneyd, is more curious than beautiful. The Limoges enamels—plaques, caskets, or salt-cellars—come out unsatisfactorily by the photographic process; which is the more to be regretted, as one of the specimens, belonging to Mr. Gambier Parry, is of remarkable interest and beauty. Our readers will see that this well-timed and most beautiful volume is indispensable for an art library of any pretensions. We congratulate Mr. Robinson on the successful completion of his task.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE interest which is excited by the Mexican question would, of course, suffice to render such a book as M. Michel Chevalier's volume* attractive to the general reader; but we need scarcely say that the distinguished economist never condescends to write sensation brochures. Eight sections, subdivided into a certain number of chapters, enable M. Chevalier to deal not only with the so-called Mexican question, but also with the history—political, statistical, religious, and literary—of that wonderful country. In the first place, the expedition of Fernando Cortez is picturesquely described, and the civilization of Spain towards the beginning of the sixteenth century is brought into strong contrast with that of the ancient Mexicans. After a number of curious details, our author concludes this introductory part by endeavouring to explain the origin of Mexican civilization, which he deems to be chiefly aboriginal, although the short distance which separates Asia from America in the North may account for a certain amount of Oriental traditions. The second part treats of the Spanish conquest, its character, and its immediate results. In the third division, we have a very interesting account of the colonial system of Spain, of the means employed by the Spaniards to diffuse Christianity throughout their newly-acquired possessions, and of the relation in which the Mexican clergy stood with regard to their conquerors. The history of the war of independence (Part IV.), the working of the republican government up to the present time (Part V.), the physical and commercial resources of the country (Part VI.), are then surveyed; and we are thus led to examine the causes of the French intervention, its difficulties, and its probable consequences (Part VII.). M. Michel Chevalier thinks that the great obstacles thrown in the way of a satisfactory adjustment of pending disputes will probably arise from the Roman Catholic clergy, and he sees no remedy except that of a concordat, such as the one brought about by Napoleon after the

Treaty of Tolentino. He takes advantage of this idea to describe (Part VIII.) the policy of the Roman See, to show how the Church has departed from its original character, and how, in its present tendencies, it is in constant and useless opposition to the aspiration of modern society.

M. Matter has already done much towards illustrating the history of mysticism. His learned works on the schools of Alexandria and on the Gnostics are well known. More recently, he has given us, in a biographical sketch of St. Martin, a curious glimpse into the doctrines, or rather the dreams, of the *illuminati* towards the end of the last century. The volume we are now noticing† is a further contribution to the same branch of metaphysical literature. M. Matter would not, perhaps, wish to be thought a panegyrist of Swedenborg, nor can we admit with some critics that his purpose has been to rehabilitate the Northern mystic; but he examines all the evidence which history has handed down to us, and he points out both the amount of error and the proportion of truth which, in his opinion, the voluminous writings of Swedenborg contain. The octavo before us contains twenty-seven chapters, the last four of which are exclusively critical, and give an estimate of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem.

The *Revue Archéologique* and the *Revue Germanique* have supplied the chief part of the articles collected by M. Alfred Maury in his recent publication‡, to which we are introduced by a suggestive preface on the character of modern erudition as compared with that which prevailed during the times of the Scaligers, the Casaubons, and the Estiennes. Amongst our predecessors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, verbal criticism was carried very far, and the amount of facts collected by those *savants* was something prodigious; but they knew only imperfectly how to generalize from these facts. M. Maury's book consists of eight essays or disquisitions. The first, on the religion of the Aryas, is a very full account of the theological views of the Hindus, illustrated by a number of quotations from the Vedas and other sacred books. The ancient inhabitants of Persia, whose religious tenets our author considers in his second paper, appear to him to have left throughout the system of Christian doctrines a perceptible impress. The fifth, sixth, and seventh disquisitions treat of points referring to the early history of our own religion, and are particularly interesting. In the eighth, M. Maury examines whether the nations of Western Asia had any intercourse with the Hindus and the Chinese. He then endeavours to mark out the route which Arab and Persian travellers followed during the ninth century of the Christian era, in order to reach the further extremity of the Asiatic continent.

We spoke just now of verbal erudition. It is not so very long ago that, amongst our French neighbours, all other forms of criticism were absolutely disesteemed as savouring too much of Liberalism, or, as it was then called, of *idéologie*. Debarred from discussing political matters, the newspaper writers of the Imperial period were reduced to the necessity of filling their journals with details of Court etiquette, *bulletins* (not always trustworthy) of battles gained, and reviews of books. But even then these gentlemen had to be extremely circumspect, and, eschewing all considerations of a metaphysical character, they were obliged to confine themselves to strictures of a most elementary or harmless nature. Such was the fate of M. Boissonade§, one of the best Greek scholars of the age, and who also wielded for a considerable period the journalist's pen. M. Colincamp has rendered true service to the cause of literature by superintending the publication of this volume, which contains a number of articles originally contributed to the *Journal de l'Empire*, the *Biographie Universelle*, &c. M. Boissonade's reading was alike varied and accurate. He felt equally at home amongst the scholiasts of Aristophanes, and in the company of fashionable novelists; he was particularly fond of English poetry, and some of his most ingenious articles treat of writers whose merits one would scarcely expect to see discussed by a professed Hellenist. Besides M. Colincamp's preface, the first volume contains an excellent biographical sketch from the pen of M. Naudet, M. Boissonade's colleague at the Institute. The articles themselves are arranged under the following heads:—1. Greek Literature; 2. Latin Poets and Prose Writers; 3. Essays on some Philosophical Curiosities, together with an Appendix, including eight biographical notices from M. Michaud's celebrated dictionary. Thus far the first volume extends. The second begins with the articles on English and other foreign authors; the reviews of French books come next; seven disquisitions hitherto unpublished are then added; and the whole is terminated by an appendix containing extracts from M. Boissonade's correspondence, and from his private journals. The immense number of facts and names which those two thick, closely-printed octavos embody can scarcely be imagined, and the learned editors have much increased the value of their labours by the compilation of an alphabetical index.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which strikes the reader when he passes from M. Boissonade to the productions of journalists such as M. Peyrat, M. Cuvillier Fleury, or Prince Albert de Broglie. These three last-named gentlemen introduce us to topics far more interesting than the deciphering of a palimpsest or the discussion of a doubtful

* *Emmanuel de Swedenborg, sa Vie, ses Écrits, et sa Doctrine*. Par M. Matter. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*. Par Alfred Maury. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *J. F. Boissonade. Critique Littéraire sous le Premier Empire*. Publiée par F. Colincamp. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Le Mexique, Ancien et Moderne*. Par Michel Chevalier, de l'Institut. Paris and London: Hachette.

reading. Modern society lives in their eloquent pages; we find ourselves in the midst of a *mêlée* carried on by experienced polemicists; we are the spectators of a contest which must interest us all more or less. Three shades of Liberalism are now before us. M. Albert de Broglie represents the *religious* school, if we may so say. Like M. de Montalembert, he dreams of a reconciliation between the Roman Catholic Church and the principles of '89. "Devotedness to religious truth, such as it has been revealed to the world by the Gospel and interpreted by the Church, and an attachment not less decided, but mixed up with more anxiety and greater feelings of regret, to the principles of political liberty"—such is the programme developed in the *Questions de Religion et d'Histoire*.^{*} The noble author devotes his preface to a statement of the way in which he has thought it most expedient to illustrate this great question. A comparison between the state of French society before 1789 and its condition since that date, has supplied the theme for his arguments, and he has been able to throw much variety over his work by connecting the discussion with the review of several important publications. Prince de Broglie says expressly that, on the whole, he does not regret the *ancien régime*. Its time is gone for ever, and in the countries where some of its traditions still subsist, the slightest shock throws down to the ground a fragment of the dilapidated edifice. But he deems it important to bear in mind that the political and social world in France, before the taking of the Bastille, was not merely an accumulation of abuses; and out of a feeling of bare justice towards a state of things which is irrevocably destroyed, we must point out the bright as well as the shady side of old society. He then goes on to examine the defects of the system now prevailing in France. He finds that absolutism has derived from the theory of equality a power which we certainly had no idea of, and, if the abolition of all privileges has had any good result, we are at all events not indebted to it for the development of political liberty. Such, in a few words, is an abstract of Prince de Broglie's preface. His first volume treats especially of literature and politics; his second, of moral philosophy and religion.

M. A. Peyrat, the distinguished *feuilletoniste* of *La Presse*, fights the battles of liberty at the very opposite end of the arena. He is religious—at least the title-page of the book says so†—but from a point of view which the editors of the *Correspondant* would almost identify with rank heresy. He troubles himself little about positive theology, and we might say of him what was said in days of yore of Gabriel Naudé or Guy Patin; viz., that the articles of his religious creed are reduced to the following:—"I believe in God. . . . amen." M. Peyrat's preface is an attack upon M. Proudhon, whom he accuses of having done the greatest damage to the cause of freedom. He says, moreover, that the two chief elements of modern society are science and liberty. To those who, like Prince Albert de Broglie, endeavour to reconcile science and faith, Rome and freedom, the revolutionary party and the Royalist *colerie*, he cries, Your efforts are vain; you cannot blend together antagonistic principles; choose your camp, unfurl your standard, and let there be no equivocation possible. M. Peyrat's essays are written from the Democratic point of view. He is very severe upon M. de Chateaubriand, somewhat unfair to M. de Tocqueville, and much more favourable than we could have anticipated to M. Guizot. His article on Lord Macaulay is one of the best in the volume.

M. Cuvillier-Fleury occupies a kind of intermediate position between M. Peyrat and M. Albert de Broglie.‡ His religious views are not nearly so decided as those of the latter, and his Liberalism stops far short of the limits to which the former thinks fit to go. Liberty in the sphere of politics, rule and order in that of art, such is M. Cuvillier-Fleury's profession of faith. He points out very clearly in his preface the duties of a journalist, the difficulties he has to encounter, and also the privileges which belong to him. M. Cuvillier-Fleury's articles, selected from those which he has contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, are divided, in the present publication, into four distinct sections. The first, devoted to contemporary historians, is chiefly taken up by criticisms of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*, M. Thiers's *History of the Empire*, and the correspondence of Prince Eugène Beauharnais. Whilst discoursing about the *Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*, M. Cuvillier-Fleury has taken the opportunity of protesting energetically against the portrait of the late King Louis Philippe, as given by M. Sainte-Beuve in the *Nouveaux Lundis*. The ingenious and accomplished *censeur* of the *Constitutionnel* certainly deserves the treatment he receives from his brother journalist. It is quite contrary to historical truth to represent Louis Philippe as a political *roué*, a compound of Machiavel and Harpagon, a vulgar, ill-mannered *bourgeois*. Unfortunately, M. Sainte-Beuve is accustomed to recantations; and even M. Peyrat, who praises him for exposing the vanity and hollowness of M. de Chateaubriand, says distinctly that the character of the author of the *Causeries* is lamentably inferior to his talent. M. Cuvillier-Fleury has arranged, in the second part of his essays, a few literary portraits or sketches which belong neither to the category of historians, nor to

that of romance writers. M. Michelet is dealt with in this chapter. The third section, entitled *Le Roman Français*, includes a capital sketch of M. Ernest Feydeau's realistic novels. The fourth comprises articles of a miscellaneous character.

M. Octave Feuillet's *Discours de Réception* * before the Académie Française has been published in the shape of a pamphlet, together with the answer made by M. Vitet. The subject was the *éloge* of M. Scribe, and also a kind of apology for the admission of a mere writer of romances amongst the "forty immortals." The peculiarity of M. Scribe's talent is very well described by both speakers, and we have long thought, like M. Vitet, that an interesting commentary on the political and social history of France during the last fifty years might be extracted from the innumerable *vaudevilles* of the author of *Bertrand et Raton*. We are also inclined to acknowledge that even the more ambitious five-act plays written by M. Scribe for the Théâtre Français would have produced greater effect if they had been brought out at the Gymnase Dramatique, compressed into smaller proportions, and enlivened here and there with the usual piquant and well-pointed *couplets*.

In the domain of history, the fourth volume of the *Mémoires des Sanson*† shows us the *arctateur des hautes œuvres* busy with Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, and the Girondists. We are transported within the very midst of the Reign of Terror, and we see the workings of that republican system which was destined, as some people thought, to regenerate society. M. de Lescure comes forward also as an historian.‡ He wishes to vindicate from the slanders of her enemies the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI., and he has produced an octavo full of interesting documents and accurate bibliographical indications. Notwithstanding the Vendean name he bears, M. de Lescure is not a blind admirer of Marie Antoinette. "Every act of superstition," he remarks, "produces, by the laws of reaction, an act of impiety;" and, accordingly, he merely aims at stating the truth. After an apologetic preface, we have, 1st, a list of all the manuscript letters of the Queen that have been sold since 1800 at public auctions, with the prices; 2nd, a series of forty-four letters, some of which are here published for the first time; 3rd, a catalogue of the portraits both of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI.; 4th, a bibliographical description of the various works treating of the royal family; 5th, a short account, hitherto unedited, of the events of the 10th of August. This piece is by Baron Bonnefoy de Charmel, who was successively *intendant* at Trianon and secretary to Louis XVI.

M. de Lescure is fond of introducing romance into history; but at least he gives us notice beforehand of his design, and we cannot complain that we have been deceived. Open the *Confession de l'Abbesse de Chelles*§, and look at the portrait which faces the title-page; it is the only true portion of the volume, and our author very minutely explains to us how he was led to take it in as the substratum of an historical novel. He had heard that the Abbess of Chelles had left some memoirs, and he hoped that by dint of perseverance he might one day discover them amongst the rubbish of a second-hand book-shop. Time went on, no memoirs appeared; and at last, tired of waiting, M. de Lescure determined upon supposing what a daughter of the Regent of France would have done, and how she would have described the society of her contemporaries. The result is an amusing book in which the *couleur locale* is tolerably preserved, except towards the end, where an episode of the most improbable and melodramatic character reminds the reader that he is dealing with fiction.

Are we to consider as historical documents the works of Viscount Oscar de Poli? If they are founded upon fact, all we can say is, that King Bomba is a very ill-used personage, and that *la Camorra*, about which M. Marc Monnier discoursed so lately, is not an association of cut-throats, but a religious guild, almost a brotherhood of saints. Viscount de Poli's *Voyage à Naples*|| from beginning to end is a rabid denunciation of the Piedmontese Government. The reminiscences of the Pontifical Zouaves¶ run on in exactly the same strain; and if the threats of the author were ever carried into execution, woe betide *il Re galant'uomo*!

In the present low state of dramatic literature amongst our neighbours, there has sprung up a kind of exhibition which, although dignified by the name of vaudeville, drame-vaudeville, or comédie-vaudeville, is better known as *pièce à femmes*. If the plot is stupid, or the language commonplace, it is of very little consequence, provided you can draw the attention of the audience to a score or two of ballet-girls lightly clad and *piquantes* in their appearance. The same taste, unfortunately, is now creeping into novels, and Madame Rattazzi's new book may be strictly called *un livre à femme*.** It is impossible to imagine anything more thorougly stupid and meaningless than *Mademoiselle Million*; but the photograph of the fair authoress prefixed to the title-page is sure to sell the book, and, of course, the sight of a

* *Discours de Réception de M. Octave Feuillet à l'Académie Française.*

† *Réponse de M. Vitet.* Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes & Lowell.

‡ *Mémoires des Sanson.* Vol. 4. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

§ *La vraie Marie Antoinette. Étude.* Par M. de Lescure. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

|| *Les Confessions de l'Abbesse de Chelles, fille du Régent.* Par M. de Lescure. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

¶ *Voyage au Royaume de Naples, en 1862.* Par Le Vicomte Oscar de Poli. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

** *Souvenirs du Bataillon des Zouaves Pontificaux.* Par Le Vicomte Oscar de Poli. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

*** *Mademoiselle Million.* Par Madame Urbain Rattazzi. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

* *Questions de Religion et d'Histoire.* Par le Prince Albert de Broglie.

Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Nutt.

† *Études Historiques et Religieuses.* Par A. Peyrat. Paris: Lévy.

London: Nutt.

‡ *Historiens, Poètes et Romanciers.* Par M. Cuvillier-Fleury. Paris:

Lévy. London: Barthes & Lowell.

carte de visite somewhat *décolletée* is worth the modest sum of three francs.

The idea developed by M. Alfred des Essarts in his new *roman* is excellent, but we cannot say much for the tales themselves—they do not rise beyond a very decent sort of mediocrity. The first is of German origin; the scene of the second is laid in England; Languedoc has supplied the *dramatis personæ* of the third, whilst the fourth and last is connected with the history of the Moors in Spain during the latter part of the sixteenth century. A eulogistic preface by another M. des Essarts introduces the volume.

After his recent literary discomfitures, M. Edouard About has made a great effort and aimed at retrieving his past character. *Madelon*† is a novel of more than usual pretensions. The subject of the book is the everlasting *demi-monde*, and the heroine one of the most depraved sisters of the Quartier Bréda. M. Edouard About produces very great effect by contrasting the refined corruption of Paris life with the patriarchal virtues of the Honnoré family. Some of his episodes are extremely striking, especially that in which he describes an inundation; but, on the other hand, the men he portrays are almost all below contempt, and the easy triumph gained over the best amongst them by an impudent courtesan says little for the strength of their moral principles.

* *Souffrir, c'est vaincre.* Par M. Alfred des Essarts. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

† *Madelon.* Par Edouard About. Paris and London: Hachette.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. A. is requested to call at the Office of the "Saturday Review" for a note addressed to him.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Beethoven Night, on Monday Evening, June 8. Pianoforte, M^{me}. Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Japha; Violoncello, Signor Platti; Vocalist, Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, on Monday Evening, June 8, at St. James's Hall.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "Adelaide" (accompanied by M^{me}. Arabella Goddard), "The Savoyard," and "The Stolen Kiss," by Beethoven, at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 8. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will play Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, for Pianoforte alone; and John Signor Platti in Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 8. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, June 9, Half-past Three.—St. James's Hall.—Quartet in C (Mozart). Reverie (Vieuxtemps). Violin Solo. Duet in F, Piano and Violoncello (Beethoven). Quartet in D (Mendelssohn). Piano Solos. Excentrics. Leopold Auer, from Pesth (first time in England). Ries, Webb, and Platti. Pianist, Hallé. Visitors' tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier & Co.; Austin, at the Hall; and Ashdown & Parry, 18 Hanover Square.

J. ELLA, Director.

S. THALBERG'S FAREWELL.—S. THALBERG'S remaining Matinees, and Last Appearance in London, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms. On Monday next, June 8—his Last Appearance but one; the Farewell Matinee, and Last Appearance, on Sunday, June 15, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock. Stalls, One Guinea; Family tickets, Three Guineas; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea—to be had at the principal Libraries; Austin's, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Fish, at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the plan of the seats may be seen.

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—LAST THREE WEEKS.—SCENES, et CHANSONS COMIQUES, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings during the month of June, at the ESTER-TAINMENTS must positively terminate in consequence of M. LEVASSOR'S Continuation Engagements. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Seats (unreserved), 3s.; Stalls numbered, 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. each—may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 53 Old Bond Street, W.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY and M. SAINTON beg to announce that they will give a GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, June 10, when the following distinguished Artists will have the honour of appearing:—Vocalists, M^{lle}. Carlotta Patti and M^{me}. Sainton Dolby; Signor Delie Sedie. Pianoforte, M^{me}. Arabella Goddard. Violin, M. Sainton. The Orchestra will be selected from that of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and of M^{me}. Sainton Dolby and M. Sainton, at their residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, W.

MR. J. F. BARNETT'S GRAND CONCERT.—Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, Thursday Evening, June 11.—Vocalists: M^{lle}. Carlotta Patti, Mesdames Weiss, Laura Haxley, Mr. Weiss, and the West London Madrigal Society. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Politzer, N. Mori, Webb, Pague, Gant, and J. F. Barnett. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s., at the above Rooms; the principal Music Sellers; and Mr. J. F. Barnett, 31 Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, South Kensington.—A GRAND MILITARY CONCERT, in aid of H.R.H. the PRINCESS MAEY's Fund, for Providing Nurses for the Invalids of the CAMBRIDGE ASYLUM, will be given in the International Building, South Kensington (by permission), on SATURDAY, June 13. Doors open at Two, the Concert to commence at Three precisely.

Under the Immediate Patronage of—

His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE.
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and
Her Royal Highness the Princess MAEY, ALBAIDE.

The BANDS of the HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE, consisting of—

The First Life Guards,
The Second Life Guards,
Royal Horse Guards (Blue),
The Grenadier Guards,
Colchester Guards, and the
Scots Fusilier Guards.

will perform on this occasion.

Admission, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.—Tickets to be obtained at Mr. Sam's Royal Library, St. James's Street; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; Mr. Westerton's Royal Library, St. George's Place, Knightsbridge; Messrs. Keith & Frowse, 48 Chesapeake; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly.

THE SHAKESPEARE FUND.—Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES

KEAN have kindly consented to give READINGS and RECITATIONS from SHAKESPEARE, and other English Poets, at St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, June 26, for the Benefit of this Fund. This will be their first and only Reading in London, and their last public appearance in England prior to their departure for Australia. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, K.G., President.—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. 6d. Tickets to be had at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; Sam's, St. James's Street; Mitchell's, Bond Street; Chappell's, Bond Street; and at Keith & Frowse's, Chesapeake. Commence at Eight p.m.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE.

Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Monday Evening, June 8, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Wednesday Evening, June 10, KING LEAR. On Saturday Morning, June 13, KING HENRY VIII. To commence on each Evening at Half-past Eight, and on Saturday Morning at Three o'clock. Seats (unreserved), 3s.; Stalls (numbered), 5s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s.—may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 53 Old Bond Street, W.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in their LAKING COTTAGE every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight, Saturday Morning at Three. Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Unreserved Seats, 1s. 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stalls Chaise, 5s. In consequence of the numerous attendance the Extra Morning Representations on Thursdays at Three will be continued until further notice.

MR. DAVID FISHER'S FACTS and FANCIES Musically and Dramatically Illustrated. Mr. David Fisher will appear every Evening (except Saturday) at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Sarah from Norfolk, Gabriel Gas, Esq., Giovanni Viotti (with violin solo), Fitzpopyhead, M^{me}. Rouge at Noir, &c. Jenkins's Recital received with acclamations. Pianist, M^{me}. Heineke. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND ARCHERY MEETING.

The GREAT MEETING of the ARCHERS of the UNITED KINGDOM will take place in the Grounds on THURSDAY and FRIDAY NEXT, June 11 and 12. Judge, Charles M. Caldecott, Esq., M.P. Military Bands will perform on the Grounds both days. The Gentlemen will commence to Shoot at Eleven o'clock precisely, and the Ladies at Two o'clock.

Luncheon in the Grounds at Half-past One. Privileged Tickets, admitting the bearer within the ropes, and permitting the holders to accompany the Shooters to the Targets, Half-a-Crown each, may be had on the Ground each day.

NOTE.—The Great Fountains and Entire Series of Waterworks will be displayed on Thursday at the conclusion of the shooting. Military Bands will perform on the Grounds both days. Admission, Thursday, Half-a-Crown; Friday, One Shilling. Season Tickets Free.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The

Fifty-Ninth Annual Exhibition is now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., now open from Ten till six daily.—Admission, One Shilling.—Season Tickets, Half-a-Crown, admit at all times.

JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.A.S. } Hon. Secretaries.

JAMES EDMESTON, F.R.A.S. }

Also, in conjunction with the above, the Exhibition of the Society of Sculptors in England.

MORTON EDWARDS, Hon. Secretary.

CONSERVATIVE DINNER.—The Members and Friends of the NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE REGISTRATION ASSOCIATION will celebrate the ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL by a Dinner at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Friday, June 26, 1863, at Half-past Six o'clock.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, C.B., President of the Association, will take the Chair.

Tickets for Dinner, 25s. each.

As the applications for Tickets will be taken in rotation by the Committee of Management, of which Viscount Ingestre, M.P., is Chairman, at No. 33 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., an early application is requested to

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN,

Honorary Treasurer to the Association.

THE NEW ROAD ACROSS HYDE PARK.—It is proposed to present a Petition to Parliament with a view to obtain the Opening of the Road recently opened across Hyde Park, from Victoria Gate to Queen's Gate, till One o'clock a.m., on payment of a fee to the Gate Keeper.

Petitions lie for signature at—

Messrs. TAYLOR & FERROL, 28 Thurlow Place, S.W.

Mr. SNOWBALL'S, Spring Street, opposite the Great Western Hotel.

Mr. STEPHENSON'S, Shelton Street, Bishop's Road.

Persons desirous of denying the Petition are requested to forward their names and addresses to Messrs. ROGERS & BURGESS, 70 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 KENSINGTON SQUARE, LONDON.

Head Master—FREDERIC NASH, Esq., late Principal of the Nelligerry High School, South India.

Second Master—A GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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Classical Division—Four Guineas per Term.

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Preparatory Division—Two Guineas per Term.

The Half-Term commences Thursday, June 11.

Prospectuses forwarded on application.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMIS-

SIONS.—The Rev. L. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS.—Address, Dorset, near Windsor.

HIGHEST COMPETITIVE and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.

A Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor DE LA VOYE, thoroughly prepared for the above. Number limited to Ten. Nine passed this year. Monthly, 12 Guineas.—Address, PRINCIPAL, Blessington Hall, Lee, Blackheath.

MILL HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The Committee of this Public Institution have elected to the office of Head Master and Chaplain the Rev. FRANK C. BAKER, M.A., LL.B., late of Coventry.

THOMAS M. COOMBS, Treasurer.
THOMAS REES, Resident Secretary.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds. conducted by Dr. LOVELL, formerly of Walslow. Pupils are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Native Teachers of French and German reside in the School; and those languages form an integral part of the daily tuition. The village of Aspley is remarkable for salubrity of climate and beauty of scenery. It lies about a mile from the Woburn Sands Station.—All further particulars can be had of the Principal.

A CLERGYMAN, M.A. Trin. Coll. Camb. residing in the vicinity of Oxford, PREPARES the Sons of Gentlemen for Eton, Harrow, and other Public Schools.—Address, M.A., care of H. Hamanns, High Street, Oxford.

MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon, under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the late Military College, Addiscombe.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms moderate.—M.A., 6 Angel Terrace, Brighton, S.

CHELTEMHAM.—Preparation for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, the Line, Sandhurst, &c. A Clergyman, with Educational Testimonials of the first order, and whose Pupils have been invariably successful, will have VACANCIES in August.—Address, CLAREMONT, Post Office, Cheltenham.

PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS.—A Married Clergyman, experienced in Tuition, without Parochial charge, who takes a limited number of Pupils, prepare for the Public Schools, Professions, &c. has VACANCIES. Terms, 80, 100, and 150 Guineas per annum, according to age. References, Rev. Dr. Vanehan, late Head Master of Harrow, and parents of pupils.—Address, Rev. E. Foss, West Malvern Park.

PRIVATE TUITION by the SEA-SIDE.—The Rev. EDWARD BRICE, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, receives into his family SIX PUPILS to prepare for the Army, Navy, Public Schools, &c. Terms, £100 a year.—Address, 3 Leamington Villas, Ellenborough Park, Weston-super-Mare.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS.—At the late Competitive Examination for Direct Commissions, the Honourable Joshua Vanehan, passed on Superior Answering. This gentleman was prepared by Mr. THOMAS ANTON, formerly Second Master of the Royal Grammar School, Reading; subsequently Private Tutor to a Nobleman in France; and late Principal of St. Germain, Portarlington. Vacancies for Two Pupils. References to N. biemen, whose sons are now under Mr. Arthur's care.—Address, 35 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris de Neuilly, Paris.

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1859	605	449,513
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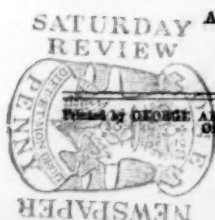
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